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CONTENTS

	Page
COMMENTS	561
DANGEROUS PRECEDENT	563
THE BUILDERS AND THE NATION	564
THE SCHUMAN PLAN. By Maurice Edelman, M.P.	565
LONDON DIARY. By Polycritic	566
WASHING DAY. By Sagittarius	566
THIS ENGLAND	567
FORGOTTEN CITY. By George Leather	567
DESERTS AND SCIENTISTS. By Ritchie Calder	568
THE STORY OF OPENCAST. By Mervyn Jones	568
SO THEY SAY . . . By Autolycus	569
SANS MAJORITY. By J. H. Huizinga	570
ASSISTANT COMMANDANT. By Alexander Werth	570
AGNES SMEDLEY. By Hilda Selwyn-Clarke	571
THE ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT:	
Two Painters. By Basil Taylor	572
Radio Notes. By William Salter	572
The Movies. By William Whitebait	572
CORRESPONDENCE	576
From Christopher Hill; Nora and W. A. Wooster; Percy Cradock; V. Bush; M. J. Sudjic; Herbert Marshall and Fredda Brilliant; Kathleen Freeman; and F. Farrar.	
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By V. S. Pritchett	578
THE RAM'S HORN. By John Hewitt	579
REVIEWS:	Page
Poets in the Theatre. By Montague Slater	579
The Cry of the Children. By Irene T. Barclay	580
Mountain History. By Janet Adam Smith	580
Rimbaud's Hell. By Michael Hamburger	582
Lovable and Sagacious. By Nigel Nicolson	582
Salvation Through Works. By Geoffrey Gorer	584
New Novels. By John Richardson	584
Rocking Horse Winner. By Ralph Partridge	586
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS	587
CHESS. By Assiac	588

The Next Stage of Socialism

THE "secret conference" of the National Council of Labour this week-end is producing the usual crop of inside anticipations and well-informed disclosures of dissension. This intense interest in a conference devoted to Socialist policy is an unconscious tribute to the Labour Party. No one can get very excited when Conservative policy is discussed; for Mr. Churchill and his colleagues, policy merely means an election programme, and all they argue about is how many items of Socialist clothing it is expedient to borrow in order to recapture power. After five years of Labour Government, the protagonists of a return to undiluted "free" enterprise have become a completely insignificant clique. That Sir Waldron Smithers, who after all is preaching the Conservative orthodoxy of twenty years ago, should now be ridiculed by his leaders only indicates the triumph of Socialist ideas since 1945.

But this triumph has its dangers. The Labour Party has accomplished all and more than all of the reforms which were envisaged when it was reconstituted in 1918. Like the Liberals in 1910, it has exhausted its mandate, and the question arises—what next? An answer cannot be found either by recourse to party oracles or by calling on the spirits of Keir Hardie and Robert Blatchford. The next stage of Socialism must be firmly based on the practical requirements of 1950.

What are those requirements? To discover them, we must realise that the Parliamentary deadlock is not an accident but the result of the failure of the momentum which carried Labour to victory in 1945. If that momentum is not regained, an actual coalition, or more probably a coalition policy executed by a Government without an effective majority will be the result of the next election. In that case, the historic role of the Labour Party will have been completed and it will go the way of the Liberals before it.

The aim of the conference at Beatrice Webb House must be to work out a policy which will regain the momentum of Socialist change. A Left-wing party cannot survive by squatting timidly on the *status quo*. In order to win, it must not avoid the awkward issues but be ready to risk defeat by challenging the electorate to face them.

This does not mean merely advocating another and bigger dose of nationalisation. We have argued frequently in this journal that the greatest weakness of British Socialism has been its facile identification of socialisation with nationalisation. The futility of this is proved by the present state of the nationalised industries. The first task of the conference, therefore, will be to view the nationalised industries not as ends in themselves but as instruments of Socialist planning. If it does this, the conference will be forced to demand drastic changes in their present organisation and to realise that —once steel and water have been taken over— further nationalisation of whole industries is irrelevant to the task of the next five years.

Mr. Bevan believes that a retreat on this issue would be interpreted as a sign of weakness. It certainly would be, if it were the central feature of the electoral programme. But there is no reason why this should happen if other forms of socialisation, more relevant to our present needs, are given the prominence which nationalisation enjoyed in *Let Us Face The Future*. These other forms include competitive public enterprise, designed to break monopoly; an extension of municipal enterprise, possible only after a drastic reconstruction of local government; and new developments in Co-operation which could be expected to begin the job of reorganising the distributive trades.

But when all this has been discussed, the central issue will still be untouched. A Socialist full employment policy is impossible, in the long run, without a policy for profits and wages. Neither extensions of nationalisation nor other forms of Socialist public enterprise are any substitute for this. In order to move forward from the present Welfare State, a Keynesian variant of capitalism, to a real Socialist society, we must be prepared to plan the distribution of the national income. The difficulties in the way are obvious enough; it is a great deal easier to nationalise an industry by Act of Parliament than it is to "socialise" either wages or profits. But we believe that British Labour will only regain its momentum if it sets its hand to this task.

French View Prevails

In so far as the Foreign Ministers' communiqué revealed anything, it was that the French had won a notable victory. Some of Mr. Acheson's advisers had hoped to use the London Conference in order to move away from Western Union to Atlantic Union and thus to achieve a larger framework for German

economic recovery and ultimately for German "co-operation" in the defence of the West. In this they were supported not only by the Foreign Office but by those British Cabinet Ministers who for Socialist reasons have always viewed cautiously economic integration with non-Socialist Western Europe. M. Schuman's unconventional tactics seem to have effectively foiled this plan. He has revived Western Union, just when it seemed defunct; and, as Mr. Edelman stresses on another page, he has given it a functional twist which Mr. Bevin may find it hard to reject. Instead of the spectacle of a reluctant France being pushed into accepting Western Germany as a partner in a grand Atlantic alliance, we now see the British Foreign Secretary under pressure from Paris and Washington to make good his famous pronouncement of January 1948 in favour of European unity.

Where there was only a choice of two evils, M. Schuman's alternative was certainly the lesser, since it avoids the danger of a peace treaty with Western Germany and so postpones the issue of German rearmament. M. Schuman's plan has the right objective. But is it really practical for a democracy to delegate its control of heavy industry to a group of international civil servants? The machinery proposed in the Schuman plan will have to be drastically modified if it is to have a chance of acceptance.

Behind MacArthur's Curtain

The Japanese are now lifting the MacArthur curtain to reveal the effects of American miscalculation and the importance of Japan in the Cold War. Both the Left, encouraged by Communist victory in China, and the Right, arrogantly aware of their strategic value to American war-planners, openly demand the end of military occupation, the return of pre-war territory and an end to economic restrictions. Most Japanese except the extreme Right, the revived Militarist-Fascists, denounce the use of bases for American aircraft and demand a peace treaty, not only with the Western Powers, but with their Chinese and Soviet neighbours.

The Russians won the first round in the diplomatic offensive by indicating their willingness to return the Kurile Islands in a peace conference, whilst the Chinese suggest that they would be willing to enter into a long-term trade agreement, provided that the Americans relinquished Japanese bases. These two moves have strengthened the Japanese Communists; and General MacArthur, choosing the anniversary of his Japanese Constitution, told the Japanese that by giving Communists equal rights with other parties, they were becoming "instruments of their own destruction." The hint was not taken and Prime Minister Yoshida reaffirmed last week that he had no intention at present of outlawing the Communist Party.

The second round in this Cold War was the request to MacArthur by the head of the Soviet Mission for information concerning the reconstruction of former Japanese naval and air bases, contrary to the occupation policy of the Far East Commission. The General dismissed this request as "provocative impertinence." A week later, Mr. Sebald, the American member of the Allied Council for Japan, took the offensive and charged the Soviet Union with "flagrant violation of international law" for failing to account for 300,000 Japanese war prisoners. When the British Commonwealth member of the Allied Council suggested taking this question before the United Nations, Mr. Sebald, supported by the representative of Chiang Kai-shek's rump in Formosa, agreed that the United Nations Assembly should discuss the matter as a test of Russia's willingness to co-operate in international affairs. And so the Cold War spreads.

The Quandary of Defence

The meeting this week of the Atlantic Defence Ministers has inevitably concentrated on the problem of apportioning commitments and costs. The American planners have been urging upon their European colleagues the need for a "realistic" defence scheme which can be in operation by 1953—the year in which, on Washington's calculations, the Russians will have achieved a military ascendancy unless something is done on this side. So far, they complain, there is a multitude of committees but no serious defence of Europe either on land or in the air. The European reply is to ask what share of the cost and of the forces the U.S.A. will contribute, and to remind the Americans that, the greater the urgency, the greater the American share must be.

It is highly unlikely that this debate reached any practical conclusion this week. In election year Mr. Truman—whose popularity is largely based on the impression that he is an earnest man of peace—cannot accept new defence commitments which will increase his huge budget deficit or alternatively involve more taxation. But the British and French Governments are equally unable to accept any increase of their defence burdens—least of all without the firm pledges of American supplies and personnel which Mr. Acheson is unable to give. The creation of yet another Atlantic Council will do nothing to solve this dilemma.

Election Surprise in Turkey

The rout of President Ineunu's Republican Party in the Turkish elections last Sunday belied every forecast—including, we ruefully add, that of our own correspondent. It is clear that voters took advantage of the revised electoral law to voice freely their dissatisfaction with a party which had ruled Turkey without effective opposition since 1923, and that, even in the politically backward districts of Anatolia, there was a strong, hitherto inarticulate, demand for a "New Deal."

Whether the hopes of the Anatolian peasants will be fulfilled by the victorious Democrats remains to be seen. Djelal Bayar's party differs from the Republicans not so much in its greater liberally as in the fact that it represents *laissez-faire* capitalism, as opposed to semi-feudal authoritarianism. The new Government is, however, pledged to introduce a Bill giving labour the right to strike. In foreign politics the Democrats, no less than the Republicans, are likely to remain loyal members of the American Bloc.

Mr. Dalton's Experiment

Mr. Dalton's relaxations of town and country planning control, described by him as "an experiment in freedom," are on the whole to be welcomed, though it is not clear why farmers, except in the National Park areas, should be given full authority to disfigure the countryside as they please. There is no doubt that the restrictions on building extensions, which Mr. Dalton has now modified, were vexatious, both because of the long delays they often involved and because of the exigent demands for detailed plans in connection with quite small projects. Controls, if they are to achieve their purpose without infuriating the citizen, must be simple, and must be concentrated at the points that really matter. Otherwise, unnecessary work is made both for civil servants and local government officers and for the small builders and the architects, who are short of staff, as well as for the persons for whom the building is done.

No doubt any relaxation will allow some ugliness to be perpetuated; but it is not easy to use planning controls to ensure æsthetic results, and it is least easy in the case of extensions to existing buildings—whether houses or factories. Mr. Dalton, we are glad to say, has not made a "bonfire" of town and country planning controls; he might well go on to consider how he can best extend his simplified control to cover the iniquities perpetuated by public bodies which at present enjoy the complete exemption he has now given to the farmers.

The Local Elections

Last week's local elections, taken as a whole, showed very little change, except that the Conservatives made considerable nominal gains in a number of areas where they replaced "Independents"—often the same persons with a mere change of label. Transport House, adding up all the results, reported a net gain of 85 seats in England and Wales; but this was made up of 138 gains in Urban and Rural Districts and 5 in non-county Boroughs, as against 58 losses in County Boroughs. This difference is partly accounted for by the fact that in the Boroughs the Labour Party was defending its considerable gains made in 1946, when it had a net gain of 196 seats, whereas in the Districts it was defending its 1947 position, which was much less favourable.

The results show, indeed, nothing very different from what happened at the General Election—losses in residential and seaside areas, as against stability in the industrial regions in face of an increasingly solid Conservative onslaught. The Liberals, as well as the Independents, suffered further erosion in most places. Everywhere the Communists again did very badly. Only in a very few places were the results such as to change majorities into minorities; and these were where there was only a seat or two between the parties last year. In Inner London there were no elections this year; in Outer London Labour did poorly, as at the General Election. As usual, the results were most inadequately reported in the press.

PARLIAMENT: Big Money

Wednesday.

THE Finance Bill debate began sedately enough. Jay fluently and persuasively presented the well-known Government case for present levels of expenditure, investment, and disinflationary taxes. Arguing that a vote against the petrol and lorry taxes was a vote against the balancing income tax reliefs, he outlined the main categories of commitments—the Cold War, social security, subsidies, capital development—and made Labour's customary challenge to the Tories to state which item should be cut.

Eden, blandly taking the challenge as a formality, proceeded at once to the well-known Opposition case against mounting costs and high taxation. Whilst Jay used Churchill's 22-year-old arguments for the petrol tax, Eden used Snowden's against it, as Clement Davies remarked. To the extent that Jay was implicitly optimistic about recovery and American boom, Eden was explicitly pessimistic about foreign competition and possible recession. But, like nearly all subsequent speakers, he believed it was for the Chancellor and not the critics to say what should be cut, which enabled Cripps to tower in moral superiority over the Opposition.

One Member did suggest a specific cut. Stanley Evans, making his first post-resignation appearance, slowly—as if reluctantly—elaborated his Manchester theme about farmers' profits to a well-filled House, which included the Ministers responsible for Agriculture (but not Food). Ironically cheered by Tories when he mentioned the high cost of living, he was vociferously supported by a tiny circle of Labour townsmen when he attacked the high living of farmers. Save for occasional mutters from Tom Williams, Ministers stared stonily at the Opposition who stared back, fascinated by the spectacle of someone trespassing in this forbidden field. Unlike Labour Members who attack the miners, Tories don't bite the hands that feed them; and though Mr. Eccles (who talks of "featherbeds" in other connections) may have been reminded of his own phrases about the value of healthy competition, Tories won't publicly criticise the farmers. Evans made out an economic case about agricultural prices that calls for an answer; but reactions to his speech, unfortunately marred by a corney peroration, tended to be a bit geopolitical.

On the eve of the Finance debate, Mr. Baird extracted some painful truths about the dental service. Praying against the arbitrary nature of Bevan's addition of 10 per cent to his previous 20 per cent cut in dental fees, Baird was concerned to protect the average dentist from being penalised because of the spivs. But Members were not agreed as to what the average dentist should do. Should he give high quality service to priority patients for a moderate reward or be encouraged by the prospect of a five-figure income to work long hours to provide "utility" service to all? MacLeod, quoting effectively from briefs he supplied to Butler when he was in the Tory Central Office, made the case for a limited service, while Baird and Lucas-Tooth crossed swords on whether the average dentist treated first the patient in most need or the one with £5 in his pocket.

The trouble with fees, like guaranteed prices, is that if they are fixed to give a reasonable margin to the slowest or most inefficient, they give an unreasonably high income to the fastest and greediest. The only answer, as Baird said, is a salaried profession, but it still does not provide enough dentists to go round.

STEPHEN SWINGLER

Dangerous Precedent

"OUR institutions of free speech and free criticism must go on," said Mr. Menzies at the outbreak of the war; "it would be a tragedy if we fought for freedom and free belief . . . won the war but lost the things we were fighting for." Within twelve months his Liberal Government had banned the Australian Communist Party, and it remained underground until the end of 1942, though its membership and its activity increased. During the 1946 election campaign, Mr. Menzies urged that the answer to Communism was free argument and not suppression—a thesis to which Mr. Chifley, the Labour leader, still adheres, saying: "You cannot impale ideas upon a bayonet." But by last November, with the political wind set in favour of anti-Communist ventures, Mr. Menzies had changed his tack again and pledged his party to ban the C.P. The Liberals won the Federal election and the controversial Bill now before the Australian Parliament was drafted.

It is not surprising that the House was strangely quiet when Mr. Menzies introduced this Bill, for such a dubious and penal measure runs counter to the whole tradition of liberty and toleration established so painfully in the English-speaking world. Confiscatory and punitive, an action so harsh might evoke protests even in war when, in the classic phrase of Mr. Justice Holmes, the outlawed minority might create a "clear and present danger" to the community. Only politicians swept on by or pandering to an anti-Communist panic could believe that Australia's Communists offer such a threat.

To Mr. Menzies, of course, Australia "is not, except in a technical sense, at peace," and the C.P. is not a legitimate political party but a revolutionary conspiracy engaged in spying, subversion and sabotage, hampering vital industries and promoting civil strife. Its funds and property, therefore, are to be sequestered by the Government. The same fate awaits any other body "declared" unlawful. Officers and members of the party alike are liable to prison sentences if they continue to be active; and they may be disqualified from employment by the Commonwealth, or barred from work in such industries as coal-mining, transport, iron and steel, public utilities or any other considered vital to security or defence. Communists will also be driven from trade union office. In short, this measure is designed to harry and destroy the Australian C.P. as speedily and ruthlessly as possible, though all the evidence suggests that an illegal party may be a much more formidable opponent than an isolated minority, and though some who sympathise with Mr. Menzies in principle question the value of outlawry as an anti-Communist tactic.

In the first place, Mr. Menzies has not made out an adequate case for suppression. There is no reason to believe that Australia is more immediately threatened with revolution or war than any other democratic nation. The examples of Communist mischief so far produced are not very startling. Mr. Justice Lowe, acting as a Royal Commissioner in the State of Victoria, has issued a 70,000 word report on Australia's 12,000 Communists, but he could find nothing new or sensational to say, and made no reference to "spying, sabotage and treasonable acts." It is true that the Australian C.P. is tough and vigorous—not long ago it reproved its British colleagues for their "reformism"—but Australian Labour as a whole has been trained in a rough school.

This raises a second issue. Mr. Menzies and the Australian business groups he represents intensely dislike the militancy of many Australian unions. How far is this attack on the Communists, who hold important trade union posts, an attempt by a conservative group to remove "trouble-makers" from the industrial scene? This suspicion was voiced by Mr. A. E. Monk, President of the Australian Council of Trade Unions, who declared that the Bill was so worded as to give the Government full and unfettered power to deal with those whom it wished to remove from political or industrial influence. True enough, there have been big strikes in the last five years, of which the coal stoppage last year was the most dramatic, calling for emergency action by the then Labour Government. But most of these disputes have had genuine economic causes, either bad industrial conditions or the gap between wages and the rising cost of living. The workers have been irritated by the delays in wage negotiations under the arbitration system. Last year, for instance, the Arbitration Court began hearings on a minimum wage claim and is not expected to give a decision until early in 1951. Yet Mr. Menzies lays the blame for these troubles upon Communist intrigue, and talks about "political strikes" against Australian security. Such political strikes as there have been were short and spasmodic, partly because there was a Labour Government, partly because part of Australian Labour, in which Roman Catholics are influential, is strongly anti-Communist. It was not these overt demonstrations but genuine industrial disputes that have held up production in Australia's vital industries.

In any case, successive non-Labour Governments since 1920 have added sufficiently sweeping powers to the already drastic Crimes Act to deal with such activities as Mr. Menzies now lays at the door of the Communists. What are the Communists doing that cannot be stopped by outlawing organisations, denying the right to trial by jury, by political disenfranchisement, by the imprisonment of strikers, by abrogating the laws of evidence and shifting the onus of proof from the prosecution to the accused? Yet the Australian Government already enjoys such powers. Presumably it wishes to satisfy its hysterical supporters who will not rest easy until the spectre of Communism is exorcised formally by all the ritual peculiar to countries which have forgotten both common sense and democracy.

Already the Australian Labour Party has had to face a dilemma. Disliking the Communists and anxious to destroy their influence in the trade unions, it must seek to avoid a serious split on this question. Yet it is obvious that the industrial wing of the Labour Movement will be both apprehensive and hostile to the Bill, though the Federal Labour Party has no

desire to fight an election on this issue, and Mr. Menzies will certainly seek a dissolution if Labour opposes the Bill in the House or rejects it in the Senate, where it still retains a majority. What worse tactical position, the Federal Labour leaders understandably ask, could they occupy than as champions of toleration for the Communists? Mr. Chifley argues that Labour must accept the substance of the Bill, since Mr. Menzies received a mandate for it at the November elections, but insists that the Bill as drafted goes further than the Liberal promises in the campaign, opening the door for the "liar, the perjurer and the informer" to destroy reputations "in secret without having to prove any charges," and "striking at the very heart of justice." Labour, therefore, will try to insert some moderating amendments. But, election difficulties or no, is this criticism enough opposition to a Bill which is not only highly undesirable in its own right but also sets dangerous precedents for all democratic countries? This is only a beginning. If this pattern is followed, as it may be elsewhere, the Cold War will destroy the democracy it is supposedly waged to defend, before a single Soviet soldier leaves his billet.

The Builders and the Nation

THE high cost of building is an unhappy fact. Without large public subsidies, we cannot build houses at prices which working-class tenants can afford to pay. The alternative is to divert building activity almost entirely to middle-class housing, until the supply of expensive houses for sale catches up with the demand; then would follow a sharp decline in the industry, with disastrous long-run consequences on the recruitment of skilled workers. In the meantime, working-class tenants would be compelled to huddle closer together in old houses, largely in the wrong places, and the mobility of labour would be hampered by lack of suitable dwellings for the workers needed in expanding industrial areas. If we were to stop subsidised building of new houses, the rents and selling prices of old houses would have to be allowed to rise, and the rent element in the cost-of-living index would increase sharply, leading to a greatly intensified demand for higher wages all round. These consequences clearly cannot be faced. Thus the continuance of high subsidies and rent-control anomalies is unavoidable, unless the costs of house-building can be cut, not merely by a little, but to a sensational extent.

Of such a reduction in costs the report* of the Working Party on Building holds out no shadow of a hope. Nor does the parallel report of the Productivity Team which has been studying American building methods arouse any lively expectations. Indeed, the Working Party turns down almost every major suggestion that has been put before it; and the Productivity Team appears to put most of its hopes on improved "pre-planning" before actual construction is begun, and has little else to offer except the usual exhortations to a different, more co-operative attitude towards work.

It is not surprising that these reports make few concrete suggestions; both come from committees almost exclusively representative of the industry, and building is perhaps the most conservative of all the industries of this country. If anything effective is to be done to bring the organisation and productive methods of the main body of builders—masters and operatives—up to date, the initiative will have to come from outside. An industry that shrinks even from taking any responsibility for the organisation of its own research, and persists in looking to the State to do the entire job for it—as the Working Party does—has no right to complain if it is regarded as no competent judge of its own affairs. Admittedly, the building industry went through a very difficult time during the war and suffered a serious depletion of its skilled labour force, so that its efficiency was much lower in 1945-6 than in 1938-9; but it has had five years in which to recover, and even now it is a long way short of getting back to its pre-war level of output per man-year—a level which was in any case excessively low and had, by the admission of the Working Party's report, hardly increased at all over the past century. The truth is that the Industrial Revolution passed the builders by, and that, despite a number of mechanical innovations applicable chiefly to excavation and to large buildings, the essential techniques remain largely in the condition in which they have been for hundreds of years.

From time to time, it has been promised that new methods of production, including mass-prefabrication, would soon bring costs tumbling down. In practice, they have done nothing of the sort; indeed, what is called prefabrication has consisted largely of making small numbers of unstandardised units in the factories, on terms which have made it impossible for any producer to achieve the economies of mass-production. The products have been unsightly as well as expensive; and now we are back at the old methods of construction at a heavily increased cost. Perhaps the Working Party is right in arguing that the real possibilities of economy from mass-prefabrication are to be looked for rather from the standardisation of internal fittings than from any cheapening of the costs of constructing the house-shell; but, if this be so, why has so little been done towards effective standardisation in this field—in plumbing, for example, where it has been talked of for many years with singularly little result?

Part of the trouble is, no doubt, due to the extreme localisation of the industry and to the wide variety of the purposes it has to serve. The majority of firms are not really builders, but jobbing repairers; and, of the remainder, a considerable fraction are small-scale specialists in such trades as plumbing and electrical wiring. Even among the firms which do erect new buildings, the majority are small and local, and cannot depend on regular orders for new construction. There are some really big firms operating over wide areas, and some of these are civil engineers as well as builders; and there are also plant-supplying firms from which the smaller firms can sometimes hire expensive equipment. But these various sections do not pull well together; and the labour structure of the industry is badly out of relation to what is needed. Apprenticeship on the job is still, at any rate in theory, the main way of training skilled workers; but most of the big firms have never trained their fair proportion of craftsmen, and the big towns have depended largely on men trained by the middle-sized or even the quite small country builders. The specialisation of training to a single craft bears no relation at all to the needs of the large jobbing section of the industry engaged on repairs, and is often extremely inconvenient even on the constructional side, as the call for different kinds of skilled work varies a great deal during the successive stages of construction. The Working Party, to be sure, does recommend that more men should be trained in more than one craft; but it lays little stress on the point, and appears quite unconscious of its importance. Hitherto, trade union opposition has been a big factor in preventing it; but the conservatism of many employers has also been at fault.

Remedies must be found if the people are to be properly housed without the diversion of an unduly high proportion of the national savings to house-building. What are they? The Working Party blows cold on the proposal to make permanent the "flying squad" of builders at present maintained by the Office of Works, and deprecates proposals that local authorities should make greater use of direct labour for construction as well as for maintenance. But is it not clear that, where it is a matter of building extensive housing or factory estates, or even whole new towns, the job could be done both better and more cheaply if it were organised on a big scale, with a common managerial and planning staff, a common pool of capital equipment and material supplies, and a common time-table that would afford regular employment to the various trades, instead of being left to a large number of independent firms, with no common organisation? This would also make it very much easier to plan supplies of standardised materials and to place large enough orders with the suppliers to make it worth their while to install the new capital equipment that standardisation would require.

We do not suggest that either the Ministry of Works or each individual local authority can do what is needed. There is a strong case for a small number of regional Building Corporations, each operating over a fairly wide area and giving regular employment to a considerable staff of workers on large building projects. This would leave the smaller constructional and the repair and maintenance jobs to be done by the medium-sized and small firms, who could often be brought in as sub-contractors on the big projects, especially for specialist jobs. The existing Ministry of Works unit could still be used for supplementing temporarily the local labour force where there was an exceptional pressure of work; and the Corporations, which should be publicly owned, could work in close association with groups of local authorities in their regions. They could also be linked up with the Building Research station under the D.S.I.R., in an endeavour

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to promote a rapid advance in standardisation of components of every kind.

The "pre-planning" of work, on which both reports lay so much stress, will never be effectively brought about until some such organisation is in being. Nor are the lines of demarcation between trades, except on repair work, likely to be broken down, as they need to be, until there are large-scale firms which can offer a high proportion of the workers continuous employment and take the questions of training and apprenticeship seriously in hand. There is plenty of room left in the building industry for the small employer and for the single independent worker; but, side by side with these, there is needed a nation-wide system of really big regional enterprises to bring down the cost of major constructional projects. It is vain to look to the industry to tackle this kind of reorganisation, which is bound to cut across the traditional ways of employers and workmen alike. But the public has a right to insist on it; for it is intolerable that our largest investment industry should still be run on lines which are utterly inconsistent with the use of mass-production methods where they are needed most—in housing the people, and in erecting new schools and community buildings, at costs which the main body of the consumers can afford.

The Schuman Plan

None were more surprised by the Schuman proposal for a single European Iron and Steel Authority than the steel industrialists in France and Germany. The French industrialists were indignant, not at the general idea of co-operation with German producers—an old thought of both technicians and business men who recognised the organic unity of the Ruhr-Lorraine—but at the allegedly high-handed way in which M. Schuman had neglected to consult them before presenting his plan. For, although the project was worked out by experts under the leadership of M. Monnet, the Commissioner for Planning, the political initiative, taken within ten days of receiving M. Monnet's report, belongs to M. Schuman alone.

I record these facts in order to end the suspicion that the plan was inspired by the iron and steel industrialists of France and Germany in an effort to revive and extend the pre-war cartel. That some of them may seek to make the Schuman Plan the instrument of that ambition is certain; but M. Schuman and his Governmental colleagues are not playing their game. The object of the French statesman is a beneficent unification of Europe. To achieve it, they have moved away from the ideal, constitutional programmes advanced by their delegates at Strasbourg last year, and have now accepted the principle of "the functional approach," advocated by the British Labour delegates. "Europe will not be made all at once," says the French Government's statement of May 9th, "or according to a high, general plan. It will be built through concrete achievements which first create a *de facto* solidarity."

Reading the Schuman Plan, we might assume that it has been worked out in all its details. Not a bit of it. The Plan is embryonic, with possibilities of both good and evil in the enormous concentration of power that it proposes under a single authority. And since those who control the steel policy of any given country control also that country's economic policy, we must bear in mind, before deciding whether as Socialists we can support the Schuman Plan, that the controllers of the European Steel Authority will determine the employment and production policies of all those countries taking part. To what extent can Socialist Britain renounce her independent planning? To what extent will a European Authority profit Britain at all? Was it not the restrictive policy of the pre-war iron and steel cartel that created some of our distressed areas? Does not the Schuman Plan threaten to create a new cartel in a different frame? These questions require our cautious consideration.

Let us look at the answers that the authors of the Plan give to the cartel question. The proposed organisation, they say, is the opposite of a cartel. The purpose of a cartel is to keep profits high and stable; hence its price-fixing arrangements, which ensure profits for the marginal enterprises and correspondingly higher profits for the more efficient. The purpose of the Schuman Plan is to increase production and productivity by improving methods, enlarging markets and rationalising production. The cartel is restrictive; the Authority is expansive. Then again, whereas the cartel is based on secret agreements which may serve special interests to the detriment of the public, the new Authority will function publicly; the United Nations will report on its activities; and it will be accountable to the individual countries concerned.

The cartel, say the French planners, is concerned with production quotas, the sharing out of markets and the elimination of competition, in order to exploit the market in the interest of the business-men. The new Authority would use similar means, but merely in order to bring about a rational division of labour in the general interest. As far as administration is concerned, the cartel is directed by delegates of the industrialists who have to take their orders. The new Authority would be entrusted to independent people who would be both technically qualified and have a sense of public responsibility. And finally, of course, while the cartel has a purely private character and is only concerned with the profit of the industrialists, the new Authority would take public responsibility for raising the standard of life of the men in the industries, as well as safeguarding the interest of the consumers.

The cartel is planned, but irresponsible, capitalism. The new Authority is an attempt at a synthesis of capitalist and Socialist planning in the public interest. "Planning" is the common denominator which links the outlook of both Socialists and rational industrialists. (Even the Americans most attached to free enterprise have had to support a planned integration of Western Europe. Like M. Jourdain, who suddenly discovered that he had been talking prose for forty years, they realise that, to make E.C.A. work, they have had to plan.) Yet "planning" is no more than a technique. From a Socialist point of view, the synthesis of activity between the private steel industry of France, the controlled steel industry of Germany and a nationalised steel industry of Britain can only be of value if it serves the consumer by expanding production and keeping prices low; and the worker by maintaining full employment and by keeping wages high.

As much as I approve of the purpose and the sincerity of the Schuman Plan, so little do I believe that the organisation in its present proposed form can satisfy these purposes for France and Germany, not to mention Britain. Who are to be the "independent" administrators of the scheme? Are they to be denationalised European Civil Servants? Or does the reference to the United Nations supervision mean that, when in doubt, choose a Guatemalan and call him independent? But even if independent directors free from prejudice and national preferences could be found, could the vast coal and steel industries be placed in the hands of such a small and unaccountable cabinet?

The old type of cartel had one great technical merit. It planned by agreement, and its members were answerable to their firms and their national associations. Its decisions were usually pernicious; but at least they were achieved in harmony and after discussion; they were not the product of arbitrary decree. The Schuman Plan would gain much in practicability if it abandoned the idea of a European Coal and Steel *Authority*, manned by independents and nominally answerable to the United Nations, and substituted the idea of a European Coal and Steel Council manned by representative industrialists, trade unionists, Governmental delegates and consumers, and answerable to the Council of Europe. Such an organisation would draw up Conventions which would then be ratified in the respective Parliaments and become a subject of treaties between the countries concerned. How otherwise, in Europe's present political situation, could an "Authority" make its decisions effective?

With such a quadripartite organisation, a Socialist could be sure that the working producer and the consumer who in the past were the first victims of cartel planning would be safeguarded. Its object would be to *co-ordinate* the interests and wishes of the countries taking part, instead of imposing on them an economic *Diktat*. With its consumer and trade union representation, it would be a counterpoise against the Malthusian economics of the old cartelisers, and against sectional conspiracies of business-men.

There are Socialists in Britain who say: "Let us wait and work for the day when Western European industry will be internationalised. Only then in a Socialist Europe, will the public interest be secure." But that is like refusing to introduce economic reforms in Britain merely because we are not yet able to establish a complete Socialist State. The quadripartite structure which I propose is not novel. It is the principle of the Working Party applied to administration on a European scale. In our mixed economy at home,

Socialists accept it as a suitable means of social and economic advance. Can it not now be used internationally to promote the Schuman Plan? It is the duty of Socialists to make the plan work. The alternative for Europe's heavy industry is not its unorganised post-1945 condition; the alternative is a powerful Franco-German cartel, dominated by Germany with American backing; and, should the Labour Government be defeated, with the late but eager adherence of the Iron and Steel Federation.

MAURICE EDELMAN

London Diary

JAMES Griffiths will soon be faced with his first real test as Colonial Secretary. For some weeks now he has had in his hands the Report of the Commission of Inquiry into the Nigerian riots; and inevitably well-informed rumours about its contents have leaked into the press. We gather that the Commission comes down heavily against the British Chief of Police, who is held to have been personally to blame and to have lost his head at the critical moment. But apparently Sir John Macpherson, the Governor, and Mr. Foot, the Chief Secretary—a brother of Michael and Dingle—both feel that this criticism is unfair and have used their period of leave in London to say so in the Colonial Office.

What is Mr. Griffiths to do? If he rejects the Commission's findings at the very moment when the new and extremely progressive Nigerian Constitution is just coming into force, he might produce a really ugly situation throughout the country. But to accept it may involve transferring the two Englishmen who have been chiefly responsible for the delicate task of carrying through the Constitutional reforms and whose reputation as colonial administrators is extremely high.

* * *

The world is now officially informed that there is no truth in the story that the Schuman Plan was very coldly received by the Foreign Office. Of course this assurance had to be given, but there is little doubt that both the Foreign Office and Mr. Dean Acheson's staff were extremely disconcerted when they first heard the news, and were inclined to write the Schuman proposals off as a typical piece of Gallic diplomacy. M. Schuman, on the other hand, knew that, if he submitted these proposals through the usual channels, they would be smothered in technical committees and turn up in an emasculated form well down on the agenda. So he decided on surprise tactics. Only half a dozen Frenchmen were in on the secret, and Mr. Acheson was told about it just before he left Paris.

The first hostile reactions were due to a suspicion that the real purpose of the plan was to keep alive the idea of a neutral Third Force. M. Schuman certainly emphasised this possibility in talking to French journalists. Neutrality is much more popular in France than in Britain with all sections of public opinion, and even the French industrialists know that a plan for pooling heavy industry which excludes Poland can never be wholly satisfactory. But it looks as though M. Schuman's main aim was to scotch what he believed to be an Anglo-American plan for giving Germany an equal place in a brand-new Atlantic Council.

During the last five weeks, war hysteria in Washington has reached a new high, and journalists in contact with the Pentagon have been "revealing" that, since Russia will be ready for war by 1953, the sole aim of the London meetings would be to organise a Western European defence system by that date. This propaganda campaign had exactly the opposite effect to that intended. Instead of scaring the French into accepting the Germans as comrades in arms, it drove M. Schuman and M. Monnet to concoct their plan at the last moment and to stage a desperate but highly successful diversion.

* * *

There is no gainsaying that the dental service is costing a frightful lot; and, with £48 millions shared out among 10,000 dentists as their gross takings, there is little doubt that some dentists are getting inflated incomes—in some cases for scamped work. But I am not at all sure that an all-round cut of 10 per cent in payments is the solution to the problem. The other day I was talking to a highly skilled and very conscientious dentist friend, one of the leaders of his profession, who has obstinately refused to join the N.H.S., although he has lost a great many patients to his neighbour, who has gone in. When I asked him what was making him decide to stay out "on his own," he said it was lack of faith in his own honesty, coupled with pride in his job. So long as earnings were based on piece-work payments, he felt the pressure to do rushed, shoddy work would in the end be too much for him and he wasn't going to lower his standard.

I am afraid there is something in what my friend said; and the pressure on morality will not be diminished by the 10 per cent. cut, as Mr. Baird pointed out in the Commons on Monday. There seems to me to be a very strong case for putting the whole service on a salary basis, though it's not easy to see how the delicate job of making salaries proportionate to grades of skill would be carried out. So long as dentists are in short supply—both for general and, more particularly, for school practice—there is no doubt that salaries would have to be on a very high level. The result would naturally be persistent complaints from doctors that their dental confrères were getting too big a slice of the cake; but I can't see how this is to be avoided. It is well to remember that, in the United States, dentists often earn much more than medical practitioners.

* * *

A number of correspondents have taken up Maurice Edelman's remarks in this column about May Day demonstrations. Some, like Hector Hughes, one of the Members for Aberdeen, have sent reports of large and colourful meetings. But most of them comment on the fracas around Trafalgar Square, pointing out that the disorders—for which sentences are still being handed down—need never have occurred if the London Trades Council had been permitted to hold a demonstration in the traditional way. The fact that the uproar was caused primarily by Communists is irrelevant. I remember those long processions before the war, all Left creeds included, winding peacefully from the Embankment to Hyde Park, unhindered by Chamberlain's Government. In those days, too, Mosley was much more of a nuisance than he is now. Yet a Labour Home Secretary bans a traditional march in order not to discriminate against a small band of Fascists. How long are these bans to go on? Seventy years ago, two workers were killed and John Burns went to jail to establish the right of Londoners to march into Trafalgar Square. Now, this futile and needless ban is only a provocation to disorder, not a means of avoiding it.

* * *

The wares of the barrow-boy by the Tube usually reflect the season; rain or shine, he is always there at lunch-time with tomatoes, pears, grapes, chestnuts and oranges. If his pears are a little hard, his grapes tired, at least his prices are a bit under those of the flashy greengrocer nearby. But this week a flash of bright colours from his barrow caught my attention. I crossed the road to the small crowd surrounding him. Some cheap citrus fruits, perhaps? No fruit at all, but books. Remaindered books, "not old books, not second'and books, but new books that 'asn't 'ad the sale wot they should," he was telling the crowd. Some of them were mediocre novels. Film books and football books were there, too. An Indian student, already holding a dreary tome on Serbia, had Lord Riddell's Memoirs pressed upon him. "Where else can you get that for a tanner? A noble book for yer libr'y shelf." This seems to open new prospects for book salesmanship. Before long, I suspect, the more enterprising spiv will be holding autograph parties for his remaindered authors, and the wise publishers will launch their new books in Camden Town or the Commercial Road.

POLYCRITIC

WASHING DAY

[Our aim is to mobilise the moral and material resources of the free world.—*Mr. Acheson.*]

Foreign Ministers' washing-day!
Europe's linen is slightly soiled;
See it cleansed the American way,
Whisked and lathered and soaked and boiled.
The State Department promotes hygiene
Through the streamlined Washington
washing-machine.

Brownshirts, blackshirts, in they go;
No more bending, or rubbing, or fag;
Press the button—they're white as snow!
Europe's laundry is in the bag.
Ministers watch with a smile serene
The labour-saving washing-machine.

Soft-soap lavishly, gently squeeze!
Dirt dissolving will leave no sign!
Turks and Hellenes and Portuguese
Hang clean linen on Europe's line.
Single items they need not screen,
It all comes out in the washing-machine.

Bloodstains, inkstains, pitch and tar
Disappear in the lightning rinse;
Ineunu, Tsaldaris, Salazar
Were never so stainless before or since;
Grubby Franco is more than keen
For a dip in the Washington washing-machine.

Bevin and Schuman can lay aside
Scrubbing-brush, soda and washing-board;
Modern methods must now be tried,
Glossy finish can be restored.
Half the Continent comes out clean
By the new technique of the washing-machine.

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the First entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

Men in Chelmsford Jail have formed a cricket team. All matches will be played at home.—*Evening Standard.* (H. J. Lambert.)

I read Shakespeare, as I read any other author, from the point of view of the class struggle. What message has he to assist me in my struggle along with my fellows for emancipation?

He has no message for the workers in their struggle, for the simple reason that he is not on their side, but on that of their enemies.—Letter in *Daily Worker.* (Kenneth Jones.)

An exceptional case was the mother of 11 children who brought her brood at public expense to visit her three sons at an approved school.

She asked for the release on licence of the eldest boy to "bring in some money" and offered a younger brother, not yet committed, in exchange. —*Daily Mail.* (John Wilcox.)

The [banned] Sunday show would have begun with everyone singing "Abide with me," followed by tap dancing, singing and an animal impersonator.

About 500 people who had bought tickets will have their money refunded.—*Sunday Chronicle.* (John Shrouder.)

Philip Friend, the British actor, is making a series of recordings of versions of American accents for use by British players "as part of a campaign within the English motion picture industry to train its actors to speak with an Americanised accent." —*Sunderland Echo.* (R. C. Baxter.)

Forgotten City

DURING the Spanish War I was a schoolboy in a provincial city, paying sixpence a week towards a food ship for blockaded Barcelona, listening at public meetings to speeches by members of the International Brigade who were home on leave, reading the articles and books which poured from the presses of progressive publishing houses. In those days Barcelona, even more than Spain as a whole, was for me a democratic symbol; it possessed a traditional reputation for freedom. I thought of Barcelona much as my grandparents thought of their local chapel . . . a place where a decent scale of values was fighting for its existence.

A few months ago, browsing through my bookshelves, I spent several hours reading once again some of the English literature of Barcelona's romantic period—poems, essays, stories and travel-books, the work of Auden and Spender, Connolly, Orwell, and Day Lewis. It is fashionable at present to ridicule the "Spanish phase" of these authors, and no doubt most of them are eager to forget it themselves, just as so many of our politicians appear to give a mental shudder whenever the name of Barcelona is mentioned. Unfortunately for them, a political truth cannot be made into a lie by the passing of a decade or the advent of a new international line-up. One of the poems I rediscovered, written by Rex Warner, contains these lines about the Spanish War:

> So that the drunken general and the Christian millionaire
> might continue blindly to rule in complete darkness,
> and on rape and ruin order might be founded firm,
> these guns were sent to save civilisation.

Not great poetry; but its political truth has not been altered by the passage of time or the fact that our own arms have been sent to serve a similar purpose in Greece. My first visit to Barcelona, this year, was therefore something of a pilgrimage.

"Pilgrimage" is the right word, I think. To me Port Bou, for instance, was a frontier station which had once admitted young men of a dozen nationalities on their way to fight a battle which was a good deal more than merely national; the train to Barcelona, possibly the very coach in which I was now travelling myself, had once taken these men to their base at the Lenin Barracks. And Barcelona itself was still a romantic city to me, even if on the surface it was now hard and brutal. Now, for instance, there is an Avenida Generalissimo Franco, but not a Casa Karl Marx; and the broad walks of the Ramblas, no longer festooned with anarchist slogans, boast from their hoardings of the glories of Franco's regime. No longer is the Hotel Colon the Headquarters of the United Socialist Party, and nowhere does a military band play the Internationale. Superficially, the Barcelona of 1950 is gay and lively. The shop-windows are full, large American cars slip along the streets, the night-clubs are well patronised, and on Sunday evenings young men still gather in the Ramblas to watch the football results which are posted there in public. The wealthy parts of the city still contain an attractive quota of well-dressed senoritas . . . and one remembers that even the political idealists of a decade ago were human enough to notice them.

But all this is on the surface. In Barcelona, as in Cairo, truth lies round corners. The cafés are full, but the majority of the people are living on a diet which is well below statistical starvation. The average wage of a working man is round about thirty shillings—very little when a good loaf of bread costs two shillings, a small cake a shilling, and a pair of shoes twenty-five shillings. Bread, admittedly, is rationed on a sliding scale which relates the size and price of a man's ration to his weekly pay-packet; the thirty-shilling worker, for example, can draw a hundred and fifty grammes of bread a day (very poor bread, indeed) for about three-halfpence. But a hundred and fifty grammes is unlikely to last him for a full day, especially as he is unable to afford much else. He is therefore obliged to buy a second loaf; this is unrationed, and he has to pay five or six times as much for it. And so on. Milk is rationed, and sold in four grades—"and the very best grade, my friend, is fifty per cent. water." The T.B. rate in the city is high, as one would expect. The shops are full, but few people can afford to use them. The theatres and cinemas, whenever I visited them, were three-quarters empty. In the narrow back streets men sit in gutters or on the pavements, outside their grey, dirty tenements.

This general picture of poverty and undernourishment is not peculiar to Fascist Spain. But the pilgrim's disgust with present-day Barcelona goes far deeper than this, and is emotional rather than logical. He sees all the paraphernalia of a Police State, and he is back once again in the mental atmosphere of the Thirties. Armed thugs patrol the streets; Franco's picture, in Hitlerian posture, stands over every P.B.X., in every hotel lounge, in shops and cinemas. Men are arrested and shot without trial. The six newspapers previously published in the local language of Catalan have long been suppressed. There is irrefutable evidence of public servants dabbling in Black Market activities. The sickening phrase "Viva Franco" comes monotonously from every radio set. The bookshops contain only those works which are Catholic and reactionary. The pilgrim notices all this, and he sees the misery on the faces of ordinary men and women. "The standard of living" he is told "is worse now than at the height of the blockade." There is less to eat than in the dark days when he was paying his weekly sixpence for a food ship to prevent starvation in this city. And he reflects that, although it is only eleven years since the struggle of these people received a fair hearing in a high proportion of the British press, now, in 1950, Barcelona is forgotten. Now there are other heroes and other villains; but he wonders whether the absence of news from Spain is entirely accidental.

The Spanish Socialists and Liberals lost the Civil War but were happy to think that, in 1939, Britain and France were at last fighting Fascism. Allied propaganda made so much of the ideological aspect of the struggle that Spaniards could be forgiven for believing it to be sincere; for believing that an Allied victory would produce a world in which Fascism could have no place. Franco would be driven out. He would be asked to go, at any rate, and in the event of his refusal the war would be carried into Spain. Ridiculous? Not to people whose only contact with the democracies was the Allied radio programmes. It was not till the end of the war that disillusion came. Franco was snubbed by Uno, and Allied embassies remained without a chief—a purely paper gesture; but as the months passed, the bogy became not Fascism, but Communism. Franco is anti-Communist, and we may need him in the coming struggle; so he receives Marshall Aid; so units of the American Navy call at Barcelona, and Americans are seen on Spanish airfields. And Englishmen in official positions, cultural and political, in Spain praise Franco for kindly allowing them to wear collars and ties, and throw Socialist literature into the waste-paper basket. They are not personally affected by the shortage of food, and they are unlikely to be arrested at any moment and shot without a trial.

Nowadays one reads with hollow laughter the words of those men who in the Thirties went to Spain and raised hell on behalf of the Spanish Republic, some of them with the pen, but quite a lot of them with the sword as well. It was all very noble, and heroic, and sincere. Franco was a Fascist, even if he also happened to be a gallant Christian gentleman. To-day, in 1950, he is still a Fascist, despite the American airfields and the fact that we may "need" him. It is indeed hard not to be cynical. The period during which the Western powers put morality before expediency was a short one, but it was long enough to kill a few million people who thought we were trying to rid the world of Fascism.

GEORGE LEATHER

Deserts and Scientists

FORTY camel-days' journey from Algiers, on a ridge amongst the mountainous sand-dunes of the Sahara, is the desert fortress of Beni Abbes; and here, incredibly, is a scientific laboratory—the Centre for Saharan Research. It was worth the tribulations of a journey across the boulder-desert of the *hammada*, and through the treacherous defiles by the trail which someone has sardonically signposted "Boulevard of the Foreign Legion," just to be able to start, in such a setting, the Unesco inquiry into desert-research which was to take me right across North Africa and the Middle East to Persia and back again to the Negev, in Israel. It was more than a mission of inquiry; it was a mission of Unesco goodwill to the Forgotten Men (and women) who, with selfless devotion, are serving science in the deserts; and it was a mission to remind the forgetful world that much can be done with those blank-spaces which cover a third of our school-room atlases.

Just how much can, or might, be done to make the deserts productive can be demonstrated, by example or by default, in the research stations of the various territories and in their development schemes. If justification were needed for the international council (which Unesco has been asked to establish) for research into problems of the arid zone, it can be found in this sample area—the classical desert-region. With limited scientific manpower and wherewithal, work is being needlessly duplicated for lack of proper exchange of information. For example, the scientific "garrison" of Beni Abbes are much preoccupied with the significance and possibilities of dew-moisture. Plants and insects survive and multiply in dunes which may not have rain for years on end. To dew-action can be ascribed the phenomenon of the "sand-rose," which is not a flower but clusters of sand crystals grouped and veined like petals as hard as glass and growing to the size of flower-show cabbages. There is "la dune blanche," the ephemeral vision of the dunes frosted with hoar in the dawn. There are the centuries-old *foggara*, or horizontal wells, mined for miles under dunes and running with constant water—unless they collapse and cannot be cleaned out because there are no slaves to be sacrificed in the process. It is argued that the dunes are great sponges, that the dew condensing in the extremes of cold is absorbed before it evaporates and accumulates, to seep to bedrock as potential springs.

Two thousand three hundred miles away and possibly four thousand years ago, in the Biblical Wilderness of Zin, the ancients had similar ideas about dew when they piled up the cairns of pebbles—thousands of mounds—in the virtually rainless desert. The atmospheric moisture condensed by the pebbles was trapped in the cairns and filtered into the soil; and figs and olives were planted in the moulds. The Jewish scientists, who do not ignore the Bible as a source-book, have done much fundamental research into dew-precipitation. Dr. S. Duvduvani, who has evolved dew-meters and can secure exact measurements, has found that the highest concentration of dew is at a height of about one metre from the ground (that of the dew-mounds) and calculates that the *khamseen*, that blisteringly hot and allegedly dry South wind, contains dew equal to several inches of cloud-borne rain. Obviously, Dr. Duvduvani's rendezvous with the scientists at Beni Abbes is overdue.

Again, desert animals are an important factor in the desert problem, whether they are the predatory goats who help to make deserts; or the camels and flocks which are the livelihood of the nomads; or indeed any stock which can abet soil fertility. At Sidi Mesri, in Tripolitania, at Burg el Arab, between Alexandria and El Alamein, and at Baghdad there are excellent agricultural research stations for animal husbandry. At Sidi Mesri they are crossing the native cattle with the humped-back zebu oxen to breed a triple-purpose animal for draught, beef and milk to meet local requirements. Breeding for desert hardiness and also for size, they argue that a well-bred animal, eating no more than a scruffy beast, is doubling the available grazing. On the other hand, at Burg el Arab they have crossed the Jersey with the Damietta, the nomad's cattle, and have produced a miniature cow for milk purposes and only residually for beef. In Iraq, where oil facilitates mechanical draught, and goats' milk is preferred, the emphasis is on beef-cattle (Iraq is the biggest cattle-raising country in the Middle East) and desert stock is being bred for that purpose.

Here are three different breeding programmes based on different, but not necessarily contradictory, assessments of the grazing economy of the deserts. They are adapted to local "specifications", but surely the scientists could profit by pooling their experience and their genetical findings.

One desert expert classified, for me, the priorities in the desert problems as (1) Human, (2) Water, (3) Fuel or energy, (4) Wind and water erosion, (5) Revegetation, (6) Salting. Under "human" one can classify everything from psychology to physiology but it is mainly a matter of philosophy. When I made an observation about the obvious laziness of the nomad and blamed it on the fatalism of his "Allah will provide," a British desert expert rushed to his defence. When for thousands of years (he said) you have been short of food and water, you learn to conserve it; and one way is not to expend it in too much effort. When an unpredictable drought destroys harvests, you can only hope for miracles. "Kismet" is the only possible attitude until somehow you can be made master of your destiny. Before you can effectively deal with the desert, it is necessary to reconcile Cain and Abel, the nomad who was slain by the tiller because settled cultivation in watered areas deprived him of his summer pastures.

In the French Sahara, they say "We are walking on water"—either on dew-saturated dunes, or over the great underground lake, the Albienne Nappe, a water-bearing stratum outcropping in the Atlas and, by boring-proof, extending at depth for hundreds of miles under the desert, or over shallower artesian sources. Water, at depth, there probably is in most of the deserts except the Central Plateau of Persia, where the heavy clay overlay which has bottled up the oil has excluded the water from the porous rocks. To recover it means energy—to bore and to pump. Wind and water erosion, the sand-blast and the water-scouring, can be controlled by revegetation, but there is much fundamental research to be done in understanding the processes and particularly the mechanics of the moving dunes.

Salting is the heart-break of the desert. In the picture post-card oasis of Taghit, with its picturesque palms and its pink fort, I waded ankle deep in the salt which condemns 3,000 people to exist on dates and water. The source-water is not unpalatably salt, but it contains a fraction; and by evaporation, through the years, the salt has accumulated in the soil, poisoning it for vegetation. Even artesian wells may gush salt water—like those in Tripoli abandoned by the Italians, who had optimistically built settlements before they bored. If they had bored another two hundred feet and tubed the water through the salt layers they would have struck fresh water.

In Israel, they are tackling the salt problem scientifically and imaginatively—solar distilleries; ion-exchange batteries, by which the salt is extracted by passing through resins, evolved by President Weizmann; and the proposed use of nylon. Transparent nylon sheets admitting infra-red rays will evaporate fresh water from bitter soil, condensing it on the cold surface of the nylon furrows. And the nylon they propose to use will be harvested in the desert in the form of castor-oil plants which will yield by fermentation the organic chemicals, which are now got from petrol and coal, for plastics, including nylon.

The deserts cover a third of the earth's surface. The world's population is increasing at the rate of one more mouth to feed every one-and-a-half seconds. If science can make the deserts productive—as it can—it could take the curse off itself, and perhaps take our minds off the atomic bomb. RITCHIE CALDER

The Story of Opencast

IT is often said that opencast mining is costly, and has made a sizeable loss per ton. This loss has now vanished; but it is worth giving a few reasons why it existed. Expensive machinery had to be imported from America; it is now sufficient to last out the programme. The National Coal Board, as owners of the coal, receive royalties and compensation for possible loss of profit. The cost of restoring the land to agricultural productivity averages £400 an acre, out of £4,000 for the complete operation. Thus, no comparison can be made between the cost of opencast and deep-mined coal. If the Coal Board had to dig a new pit and fill it in afterwards whenever it wanted 300,000 tons of

coal—the yield of a typical opencast site—the cost would be staggering.

It is also said that opencast coal is inferior in quality. True, coal won from just below the surface tends to be moist and low in calorific value. But many sites now go down to over 100 feet. Generally, the coal is as good as in a deep mine. Ewart Hill, which will produce three million tons, has three good seams out of four. Methley, in Yorkshire, sends its coal to be mixed with deep-mined coal to upgrade it.

Other objections are made on aesthetic grounds. Certainly, an opencast site looks like Passchendaele—for the period of one to five years that it is open. The holiday motorist may be excused a shudder and an exclamation to his wife of "Sheer vandalism, my dear!" A little later, as he slows to fifty and remarks: "Back to nice farming country," he has no idea that thousands of tons of coal were dug from beneath these peaceful fields. Several times the country-lovers have written to *The Times* that a historic church or mansion is threatened by opencast mining, when in fact the small area to be worked was not even visible from the treasure in question. These gentlemen never reflect that a mining engineer is as likely to enjoy a lovely view as anyone else; and they never direct their fire either at the deep mines, whose slag-heaps are permanent, or at the ironmasters, whose restoration of quarried land is pitiable when set beside that done by the opencast coal authorities. The propaganda of certain (not all) country-lovers and farmers is so ill-informed and intemperate as to force one to conclude that any stick is good enough to beat public enterprise and a Labour Government.

What, then, of the farmers? A complete farm has never yet been requisitioned; but a farm is both a living organism and a planned economic unit, and opencast sometimes claims enough of its area to disrupt its economy. Requisitioning is especially cruel to dairy farmers, who may be forced to sell a herd built up by years of careful buying and breeding. The compensation offered (by the Treasury, of course, not the Ministry of Fuel) has been very meagre, amounting to no more than the rental of the land. The scales recently announced double this figure, or treble it for small farmers, and make a closer approach to compensation for loss of livelihood, which the farmers have always demanded.

All this is very hard, but the fact remains that the coal is at least thirty times as valuable as the food that could be produced from the land in the same period. And fewer than 50,000 acres have been taken in England and Wales, including 5,000 acres of moor and mountain over the Welsh anthracite, out of 24 million acres of cultivated land. Even remembering the concentration of opencast in certain counties, and the disturbance of the farming balance of perhaps double the acreage, the percentage remains minute.

If, then, the farmers are right in saying that the opencast people always win arguments over requisitioning, it is because the Ministry of Agriculture are seized of the above facts. Actually, mining plans are abandoned when the farm is a model one or supports a good T.T. herd; but coal is seldom found under first-rate land. Nevertheless, permanent loss of fertility would be a disaster. Whether this has happened—due to disappearance of bacteria or some such mysterious cause—nobody is sure. In some places, crops and grasses grow poorly after restoration. Elsewhere, they grow better than ever. I saw one tract of 200 acres under the plough which had been scrubland before being mined. One can only say that there has been no general deterioration.

Certain it is that the people actively concerned with opencast mining—whether employed by the Ministry or the contractors—take a genuine pride in restoration, consider it just as important as coal-getting, and spare no pains to make as complete a job as possible. Most of them have learned so much about the treatment of land that they could walk into jobs at agricultural research stations. Many farmers detest the principle of opencast mining. But there is seldom ill will between a farmer and the engineers who have taken the coal from his land and are now consulting him at every turn during restoration.

In Yorkshire, the land is held under requisition for five years after restoration, while experts advise the farmer on the nursing back of the land and the Ministry is responsible for hidden snags as they come to light.

The general restoration drill is as follows. The topsoil—and, where necessary, the subsoil—is removed, stacked, and replaced separately from the "overburden." The contours of the land are restored or improved—engineers complain humorously of farmers who want a bog or gully replaced because it was there before. Allowance is made for subsidence, though it is very slight save where the land is rocky. The least satisfactory part of the job is drainage, a very tricky matter. Every device has been tried, but some restored land remains obstinately damp.

The best job is done with farm equipment, because it is easier to renew it than to replace rickety fences and broken gates. Many farmers end up with improvements which, from inertia or lack of capital, they would never have made otherwise. A farm which has been requisitioned can often be distinguished from its neighbours by the tidy fences, concrete roadways, piped water, cattle troughs instead of old baths.

It is understandable that many farmers do not believe in restoration till they see it. Looking at the dusty or muddy canyons, one would think that a miracle would be needed to turn them back into farmland. The Leeds Corporation fought hard to prevent requisitioning of its municipal golf course. But golf will be played there this summer, five years after the requisition order, and the hazards have been so improved that the club has made the Restoration Engineer an honorary life member. The owner of the great estate of Wentworth Woodhouse is another strong opponent of opencast mining. But so careful were the engineers with his park and villages that they dismantled a church steeple which might have been shaken by blasting, and are now about to replace it.

And even the lord of an ancestral estate likes a coal fire of a winter evening.

MERVYN JONES

So They Say . . .

THE Foreign Ministers' special statement on Germany, published on Monday, came at the end of a big week in international affairs. Even the popular press gave more than their usual proportion of front page space to it.

The Times decorously announced: CONTROLS ON GERMANY TO BE RELAXED, while the *Manchester Guardian* said that it meant MORE SELF-GOVERNMENT FOR GERMANY, and the *Daily Telegraph* explained: 3-POWER TERMS FOR GERMANY—EASING OF CONTROLS DEPENDS ON PEOPLE. The *Daily Mail* decided that it was the NEAREST THING TO A PEACE TREATY; the *News Chronicle* had GERMANS TOLD: ITS UP TO YOU; the *Daily Mirror* took the same line with BIG 3 TELL GERMANS: "YOU MUST WORK FOR FREEDOM"; and the *Daily Graphic* simply called it A NEW DEAL FOR THE GERMANS. The *Daily Herald* reassured its readers—GERMANY: TROOPS TO STAY, while the *Daily Worker* waxed equally indignant: WEST POWERS TEAR UP A TREATY.

Editorially, all the papers, except the *Daily Herald*, expanded at length on the importance of last week's deliberations. While the *News Chronicle*, however, pointed out that "the meeting of the Atlantic Council comes next . . . its work should be made easier by the fact that the three Great Powers will arrive at the meeting in accord," the *Daily Express* warned its readers that "the Atlantic Pact has nothing to do with Western Union . . . . which would inevitably strip us from the Empire, [and] must be resolutely opposed."

The diplomatic comments were in agreement on most points—particularly concerning the joyful reaction of Dr. Adenauer. (*Daily Worker*: "Reactionary forces in Germany and Italy were joyfully looking forward to the reconstitution of the Berlin-Rome axis in the near future . . . ."). A discrepant note, however, was struck by the *Daily Graphic*, which, despite the *Daily Telegraph's* confidence (DR. ADENAUER WELCOMES PLAN . . . "[His] satisfaction is shared in German Government circles,") reported from Berlin that "the general reaction in German Government circles . . . was one of mild disappointment."

The main Foreign Ministers' communiqué, issued on Saturday, hardly disturbed the make-up of the Sunday newspapers. The *Sunday Times*, *Observer*, *Sunday Graphic*, and, surprisingly, *The People*, made it their "lead"; while the *Sunday Dispatch* livened things up with their own inside story: "BIG THREE!" PICK THE MAN TO STOP RUSSIA. (General Omar Bradley). The *News of the World*, however, led with MOTOR RACING'S BIG DAY PUT CUP FINAL IN THE SHADE, while *Reynold's News* announced that WEBB MAY FREE ALL POINTS GOODS AND SOAP NEXT MONTH. The *Sunday Express* was all excited over its big scoop: THE WHOLE STORY AS THE DUKE OF WINDSOR WILL TELL IT, and the *Sunday Pictorial* relegated the Big Three to an inside page in order to go to town with a story from America on the indefatigable Dr. Kinsey: WOMEN RUSH TO CONFESS—8,000 SEX SECRETS ARE LOCKED IN A SAFE.

AUTOLYCUS

Sans Majority

THE following unauthentic report of a meeting of the Parliamentary Labour Party is intended both to pay belated tribute to a recent Centenary and to demonstrate that even if (as Sir Stafford Cripps would argue) we cannot have more porridge on our plate, we might at least have more poetry in our politics.

ATTLEE (*sadly*) O Friends! I know not which way I must look
For comfort, being, as I am, opprest
To think that now our life is only drest
For show, mean handiwork of craftsmen, cook or groom.

CRIPPS Men are we, and must grieve, when even the shade of that which once was great is pass'd away

ATTLEE (*sighing*) Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive.

MORRISON (*firmly*) We will *not* grieve, rather find
Strength in what remains behind
In the primal sympathy
Which having been must ever be.

BEVIN Enough if something from our hands have power
To live and act and serve the future hour
And if, as towards the silent tomb we go,
We feel that we are greater than we know.
(*Mutterings of discontent on the Left.*)

MICHAEL FOOT Keir Hardie! Thou should'st be living at this hour
England hath need of thee . . .
O raise us up, return to us again.

CROSSMAN Great men have been among us, hands that penn'd
And tongues that uttered wisdom—better none
These moralists could act and comprehend:
They knew how genuine glory was put on
Taught us how rightfully a party shone
In splendour . . . The Cabinet, 'tis strange,
Hath brought forth no such souls as we had then
Perpetual emptiness, unceasing change!
No single volume paramount, no code,
No master spirit, no determined road!

CRIPPS (*coldly*) Denial and restraint *I* prize.

GAITSKELL, JAY and WILSON (*rapturously*) Stern lawgiver, yet dost thou wear
The Godhead's most benignant grace
Nor know we anything so fair
As is the smile upon thy face.

MORRISON Then sing, ye birds, sing, sing a joyous song
And let the young lambs bound
To the division bell's sweet sound.

MIKARDO Shades of the prison house begin to close.

CHIEF WHIP (*sternly*) Nuns fret not at their convent's narrow room
And hermits are contented with their cells
And students with their pensive citadels.

MORRISON (*aside*) And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine.

CROSSMAN I, loving freedom, and untried;
No sport of every random gust,
Yet being to myself a guide
Too blindly in myself have trust;
And oft, when in my heart was heard
Thy timely mandate, I deferred
The task, in other walks to stray;
But thee I now would serve more strictly, if I may.
Yet not the less would I throughout
Still act according to the voice
Of my own wish; and feel past doubt
That my submissiveness was choice.

(*The meeting now turns to a consideration of future policy and, in particular, the question of whether Labour must seek electoral salvation in more or less Socialism, more or fewer restraints on individual liberty.*)

ATTLEE It is not to be thought of that the flood
Of British Labour, which, open to the sea
Of the world's praise, o'er dark iniquity
Hath flow'd, 'with pomp of waters, unwithstood'—
Roused though it be full often to a mood
Which spurns the checks of salutary bands,—
That this most famous stream in bogs and sands
Should perish.

MORRISON (*resignedly*) The homely beauty of the good old cause
Is gone; our peace, our fearful innocence
And pure religion breathing household laws.

CHUTER EDE We must be free or die!

BEVAN (*angrily*) Me this uncharter'd freedom tires.
So was it when my life began;
So is it now I am a man;
So be it when I shall grow old,
My hopes no more must change their name
I cling to a belief that ever is the same.

JENNIE LEE and LEFT-CHORUS Behold him, single in the field,
And sings a melancholy strain.
O listen! For the Vale profound
Is overflowing with the sound
A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
In springtime from the Cuckoo-bird
Breaking the silence of the seas
Among the farthest Hebrides.

ATTLEE Will no one tell me what he sings?
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles, long ago.

DAILY EXPRESS REPORTER Whate'er the theme Aneurin sings
As if his song could have no ending
I saw Strachey at his work
And o'er the sickle bending.
(*The intruder is immediately and forcefully ejected.*)

BEVAN Strange fits of passion I have known
And I will dare to tell
The thought of our past years in me doth breed
Perpetual execration.

JENNIE LEE and LEFT-CHORUS O joy! that in our embers
Is something that doth live,
That Aneurin yet remembers
What was so fugitive.

MORRISON (*sadly*) O Nye! Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke
The years to bring the inevitable yoke,
Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife?

BEVAN (*bitterly*) When I have borne in memory what has tamed
Great Parties, how ennobling thoughts depart
When men change faiths for voters and desert
Their principles for power, some fears unnamed
I had. My comrades—am I to be blamed?

ATTLEE (*closing the meeting*) Ye blessed creatures, I have heard the call
Ye to each other make; I see
The heavens weep with you in your jubilee;
My heart is at your funeral,
The fullness of your grief, I feel—
I feel it all.

ALL O, let our weakness have an end!

J. H. HUIZINGA

Assistant Commandant

IT was August, 1945. The Russian troops had, shortly before, replaced the American troops in Weimar. The Russian major from Berlin and I drove from Leipzig to Weimar that day—a hot cloudy August day, but with a whiff of autumn in the air. Peasants and Russian soldiers were reaping the corn. Jena was crowded with Russian troops.

And then Weimar. Across the façade of a large building in the Goetheplatz was a large banner saying: "Kommunistische Partei Thüringen." In the waiting-room of the Commandatur, full of sulky-looking Germans, was a framed woodcut with patriotic verses by Fichte:

Du sollst an Deutschlands Zukunft glauben,
An deines Volkes Auferstehn;
Lass diesen Glauben dir nicht rauben
Trotz allem, allem was geschehn.

The Commandant was out, but I was received in his office by the assistant Commandant, a rosy-cheeked young captain who turned out to be almost a Gogol character.

"The Germans are very pleased," he began.

"Really?" I said.

"Yes, very pleased. I'm a historian myself. Weimar. It's a great historic place. Schiller, Goethe, the Weimar Revolution . . ."

"Constitution, you mean," I said.

"All right, Constitution, never mind. Schiller, Goethe, *Faust*. Lot of famous books written here. Now, look at this—how do you like it?"

He opened a drawer and pulled out a large photograph.

"That's me—laying a wreath on the tombs of Schiller and Goethe. Pretty good, what! They'll be very impressed when they see this—my pupils, I mean. I didn't tell you, I am a school teacher in the secondary school at Kursk. History is my special line. Yes, the Germans will remember us gratefully. We are very busy at Weimar. We've started restoring Goethe's house, and Schiller's house. Rather wicked of the Americans to have bombed a great cultural centre like this, don't you think?

"The Americans were here for a while; now they've gone. There were a lot of war criminals here, too, and they've also gone; followed the Americans, of course. Ukrainian traitors—a whole committee of them—and Vlassov boys. They've all gone off.

"Of course, this was a great Nazi stronghold in the past, but now they all pretend to be Socialists or Communists. It's difficult about food; we give them the same rations as in Berlin, and the refugees are a bother.

"But the cultural side is all right; we've

got three theatres running—ballets, symphony concerts, and all that. Theatrical companies come from Berlin. We see that the programmes are okay.

"These Germans are a hardworking, cultured people, and they take a lot of trouble. But they have no self-restraint, and in matrimonial and sex matters they are *most* unclean."

"Oh?"

"Yes, they advertise in the papers if they want to get married, and in the ads. they always say how much money they've got. Also, when we first arrived here they had—what d'you call them?—*bordells*, one in the Rosmarienstrasse, 28 girls there. We closed it down, and the girls are now made to clear away rubble. The General and I were interested. So we went and had a look.

"The General—Major-General Pisarev—he's a great man, with orders and medals all over his chest—he was *most* interested. He asked a lot of questions, and first of all he said: 'This doesn't look like a cultured place to me.' He also asked at what intervals they performed. They said four hours' interval. 'And how much do you get paid?' 'That depends on the customer.' 'And the food?' 'That's provided by Madame.' And there was one old hag of 58, and the General said to her: 'Now who in hell would want to go to bed with you?—you've got one foot in the grave.' But a younger girl stuck up for her, and said: 'No, Herr General, I assure you, she makes more money than most of us.' The General laughed, but said he still thought the place ought to be disbanded. And it was, the next day. Now the police keep an eye on the street to see it doesn't start up again on a black-market basis!

"Ah, it's a great experience," said the chubby Captain, "first the war, and now Weimar. It would be nice to be back in Kursk again, and start writing some literary work for the benefit of posterity. *Memoirs of the Assistant Commandant of Weimar*—how do you think that would go down?"

"It sounds grand," I said, "and might be most valuable." And, pointing to his impressive row of decorations, among them the Warsaw and Berlin medals, I said he might write about his war experiences, too. "Yes," he said, "but that's more common. 'Assistant Commandant of Weimar,' that's more unusual, don't you think?"

The Captain's chief German contact was the Landrat, a Berlin lawyer, half-Jewish, called Dreycorn. Competent, able, efficient, but, even so, overwhelmed by all the problems—economic, political, educational. He was appointed by the Americans, but the Russians kept him on. The Captain rather bossed him about, and the Landrat didn't like it, and suffered in silence when the Captain slapped him heartily on the back and called him "Drakon", which means dragon in Russian.

Dreycorn told me all about calories, and the increase in T.B., and the awful spread of V.D., and the difficulties the peasants were having in supplying their quotas, with so much of the cattle gone, and the housing shortage, with 6 or 8 to a room, and the Polish and Ukrainian bandits, and the general bewilderment of the population. He did not think the Russian military authorities very efficient; for one thing, there were not enough interpreters, and few Russian officers knew German.

In the afternoon "Drakon" and the Captain, and my Major and I, drove to a little health resort near Weimar, up in the hills. Here, on the terrace of a large villa, a coffee party had been organised, I don't quite know by whom. There was a haughty-looking brunette there—she was said to be a famous actress—a Herr Stadtrat Faust, two or three other vague Germans, and a lanky, horse-like Swede, who spoke Russian of sorts. Heaven knows where he had come from, or what he was doing here. The Landrat said that he intended to make this health resort "a new centre for the German spirit." Germany, he said, would not be a *Grossmacht* again, but a *Kulturvolk*. It was a most incoherent party: the Soviet Captain did most of the talking, and threw his weight about quite considerably, while most of the Germans did not know what he was saying, but smiled more or less obsequiously. Everybody except the Captain was rather ill at ease. The brunette whispered to me: "Do you think the Americans will come back again?"

Then we drove back to Weimar, to a Mozart and Haydn concert. The hall was only half-full, and we were shown into a box—the Captain, the Major, Dreycorn, the brunette and I. The Captain said he was finding the concert a bore, and slipped his arm round the back of the brunette's chair, which she visibly resented. "Were you a Nazi?" I said to her. "Me—a Nazi!" she exclaimed dramatically. "I am the *oldest* anti-Nazi in Weimar. *Ten* days before the Americans came I was already sticking up anti-Nazi leaflets!"

We stayed at the Hotel Elephant, whose director, a pale little man called Bülow, had spent six years in near-by Buchenwald. "How were we to know," said the buxom waitress, "all these *awful* things were happening at Buchenwald? The S.S. officers from Buchenwald used to come here very often for dinner. *Das waren sehr nette Leute.*" Not till the end of '44 did it dawn on her that the Germans were losing the war. "It was an awful shock to me. I was quite sure we were winning." And then: "Do you think the Americans will come back? They were much nicer than the Russians. Better table manners, too."

I wanted to go out for a stroll at night, but was advised against it. There were, I was told, Vlassov and Polish gangs all over the place. Russian tommy-gunners were patrolling outside the hotel. So I strolled round the town the next morning. Repairs were going on at the Goethehaus; and, spread over the lovely house of Charlotte von Stein, was a red banner saying "Anti-Fascist Youth," but there was not much activity either inside or outside the building, or in the town generally. Nearly all the shops were closed. It rained, and the park smelt good under the rain, but it also looked dead and deserted. We decided to drive back to Leipzig, but, before we did, "Drakon" insisted that we visit the tombs of Schiller and Goethe. The Captain's wreath was still there, dried up.

ALEXANDER WERTH

Agnes Smedley

"As my heart and spirit have found no rest in any other land on earth except China, I wish my ashes to lie with the Chinese revolutionary dead." Agnes Smedley's last direction recalls our first meeting in the blazing heat and bombing of Hankow in July, 1938. She had asked me to come from Hongkong to see for myself the neglect and filth of the Chinese Army hospitals. At this time she was trying to arouse the conscience of the world for China's fight against Japanese Fascism. I had read her autobiography *Daughter of Earth*, and knew of the extreme poverty of her childhood, her unending struggle for an education, her experiences of the brutality and exploitation in a mining town of South Colorado. From New York, working her way as a stewardess, she went to Berlin, where she lived with Virendranath Chattopadhyaya, the Indian revolutionary and brother of the poet Mrs. Naidu. During these years of taking care of Indian exiles, a hatred of imperialism and racial discrimination was joined to her childhood revolt against poverty and ignorance. In China she found her fulfilment.

From 1928 to 1941, she identified herself with the revolutionary struggle; she was a friend and a protagonist for the common people, workers, peasants and soldiers. As a correspondent, first, of the *Frankfurter Zeitung* and later of the *Manchester Guardian*, she wrote of the China she knew and loved. Her books, *Chinese Destinies*, *China's Red Army Marches* and *China Fights Back*, were the stories of her life in Shanghai, of the 8th Route and New Fourth Armies. But it was not enough for her to be a writer; she was filled with pity for the wounded and the sick, soldiers and refugees and all who came into contact with her. In 1941, she returned to America to write her last published book, *Battle Hymn of China*. During the war, her articles, lectures and broadcasts had but one aim—to convince the American people that China must be freed from Western domination and the oppression of the Kuomintang.

In the spring of last year, she was accused by the American military group in Japan of being a Soviet spy. She fought back, helped by the contributions of Chinese writers and American friends. The War Department was forced to retract the accusation. But the "witch-hunt" was on. Until November, she strove against discreditable innuendo, against attacks on her efforts to earn a livelihood, against public calumny and the reprobation of the ignorant and malignant. She feared for the safety of her friends—guilt by association. She sought refuge in England, a few months of peace, to finish her book, a documentary history of the Chinese Revolution, *The Life and Times of Chu Teh*, her intention was to return to Peking. But for the spirit of Agnes Smedley there was no peace. She was tortured by the bombing of the Chinese people, knowing that the planes and bombs were American. The campaign of calumny in the United States was intensified by the advocates of the Kuomintang finding a willing tool in Senator McCarthy; Owen Lattimore was accused; national and agrarian revolutions in Asia were endangered by American policy.

It is impossible to convey in a few words Agnes Smedley's unique quality for her friends. She had so much wit, so much gaiety, such generosity in her friendships. Of no political party, she herself wrote: "I have had but one loyalty, one faith, and that was to the liberation of the poor and oppressed; and, within that framework, to the Chinese Revolution as it has now materialised."

HILDA SELWYN-CLARKE

The Arts and Entertainment

TWO PAINTERS

"THE artist," wrote Mr. Wilenski, in a monograph on Stanley Spencer published in 1924, "has advanced from Gothic simplicity to Renaissance science and from that in its turn to Baroque drama." Among Spencer's work from 1910 to 1921 were the most affecting religious pictures painted in England since Dante Gabriel Rossetti's "Ecce Ancilla Domini" and "The Girlhood of the Virgin." The vision, the imagery and the organisation of the later works are implicit in small paintings like "The Nativity" of 1912, the "Zacharia and Elizabeth" of 1913 and most beautiful of all, "The Visitation" of the same year. But the later work, I believe, grotesquely, if unconsciously, parodies the earlier. The recreation of Biblical stories in terms of the landscape and the people of Cookham village, the attempt to express the noumenous in terms of a precise naturalism combined with a highly idiosyncratic treatment of volume and space, was worked out by Spencer in his twenties. In "The Nativity" a wooden lattice fence, iron palings and a Christmas garland of horse chestnut candles, hanging in an unnatural line over the Child, have something of the intensity which such details bore in the 15th century and nothing of the fussy, moralistic symbolism of Holman Hunt's Pre-Raphaelism. The clumsy people make simple and significant gestures. The mood is innocent and joyous.

Among these pictures are at least two of resurrection. In one the figures are pushing back their circular tombstones and flowering in the bright churchyard like mushrooms. In the other—the resurrection of good and bad—the good spring from their well-kept graves at the sound of the angels' trumpets, while the bad disengage themselves with difficulty from the untended earth and are still mantled with dragging cloaks of turf.

The resurrection theme has persisted. It recurred among the Burghclere panels and there, as well as in the large "Resurrection" of 1926–29 in the Tate, motives from the early paintings are repeated and developed. Spencer elaborated his figures and the background became more complex and emphatic. In the new series, shared by Tooth's and the Royal Academy, the idea of resurrection has been cast into a succession of episodes—"Waking Up," "Reunion," "Reunion of Families," "Tidying Up," etc. These paintings are grotesquely, perversely complex; but they cannot be neglected. Their peculiar fascination springs from the modifications which Spencer now makes in his basic language of expression when he attempts to express what is not wholly material.

The basic language can be found in the portraits, the flower pieces and the landscapes which are also being shown at Tooth's. It rests on a devoted acceptance of the literal fact. (Literalism, not science). Spencer never corrects nature's organic disorder with any constructive geometry. His portraits, drawings and paintings, are uncomfortably physical and at the same time empty of any sensuousness. Every accident of form and texture is followed and represented with a mealy paint, coldly handled, and every oddity becomes more intense, more important by reason of this literalism. The flowerpieces ("Bluebells, Cornflowers and Rhododendrons," for example) can carry organic disorder to extraordinary limits.

Every inch of the resurrection series preserves this exaggerated, emphatic literalism, in grass and leafage, in the mottle of marble and graphite, in the weave and pattern of clothes, checked, squared, striped and spotted. But the forms behind this intransigent surface have been distorted, melted, it seems, allowed to flow and then harden. The tension between surface and form is most unhealthy. The natural proportions and rhythms of the body are abandoned. Some new kind of organism emerges. In a group these are reminiscent, sometimes of a tangle of cacti, sometimes of an even more grotesque zoomorph. Here and there in a foot, a face or a gesture, the literalism survives right through to the bone.

These distortions are, I believe, essentially uncreative, depressed rather than energetic, suggestive of death rather than life. The inexpressive confusion of each design is unlike anything Baroque, northern or southern. In all these paintings I could find no image so powerful and mysterious as that strange lozenge of drapery bearing a club which symbolises the avenging Jehovah in "The Sword of Gideon and of the Lord" of 1921. In losing his innocence, Spencer like Rossetti, has lost much else.

The work of Sir William Rothenstein has been most ably presented at the Tate in three well-hung rooms and in a careful, informative catalogue. Max Beerbohm's drawing of the young Will and the old is a useful guide to the show. In the Nineties Rothenstein worked within the "New English" Impressionism and the pictures from that period present an anthology of quotations from the artists whose influence was strong among progressive English painters—Manet (bringing with him Velasquez and Goya), Degas, Whistler, Toulouse Lautrec. Horace Walpole would have called such apt and fluent quotation wit, and the pictures on the left-hand wall of the second room are also witty in a more modern sense, too. It is recognisably a period wit, such a quality being shared by Sickert in his portrait of Beardsley and Moore, by Nicholson in his woodcuts, by some Steers and by the less mordant Beardsleys. Many of these pictures are charming and amongst them is a masterpiece of English impressionism, "The Doll's House." After 1900 Rothenstein moved towards that realistic, negative style which brought into the open his lack of pictorial invention, his comparatively weak response to the visible world. It is echoed in his portrait drawings and in his autobiography, this failure to catch fire, to re-create his obviously powerful and sympathetic response to people in terms of line or words.

BASIL TAYLOR

RADIO NOTES

THE critic watching a play in the theatre can assess how much credit or blame for success or failure must go to the producer, how much to the actors. The radio critic is working in the dark; often, he can only guess, and often, it seems to me, actors are condemned for what is really the producer's fault. Take the recent performance of *The Master Builder*, in the Third, in my view a very unsatisfactory affair. It is true that producer and cast alike were impeded by an initial difficulty: the Archer-Gosse translation, which is as dead as a copy of the *Daily Telegraph* of fifty years ago. And it may be true, as I incline to think, that the play itself is not the best of Ibsen for radio. Yet, for all these disadvantages, much more should surely have emerged than did. Mr. Clarke-Smith's Solness was querulous and worried, a fussy old gentleman, never the ruthless dominator of his own and other men's lives. The Hilda of Miss Mary Morris, an actress I much admire, was as unsatisfactory. It may be that the part is scarcely playable on the air, for Hilda's manner in the text is that of a breezy, slangy young woman who is little more than a schoolgirl. Without the physical presence of the actress perhaps she cannot be more than this: in the broadcast production one expected at any moment that the hockey-stick that was surely under Hilda's arm would give the microphone a nasty clout. Yet I cannot believe that such good performers as Mr. Clarke-Smith and Miss Morris were themselves responsible for these performances. What I felt was an absence in the producer of any clearcut interpretation of the play. It seemed to have been flung, as it were, straight on to the air, with no attempt to establish rhythm or variation; the tension did not slacken and therefore never really mounted; and the pace throughout was far too rapid, as though a pause, a moment's silence, was something to be feared as the worst of evils.

Less ambitious programmes proved much more satisfying. There was Mr. Alan Crawley's feature *Man at War* in the newly resumed *First Hearing* series. The construction of the programme could be criticised, but that does not seem to me so important as the effect the programme made. The self-examination of an ex-sniper, *Man at War* was a piece of autobiography. Mr. Crawley traced his life from the time he joined the peace-time Army as a boy to the moment when, from a church-tower in Normandy, he looked down the telescopic sights of his rifle and shot a *Panzer* officer in cold blood. He is now a pacifist. Was the programme a trifle sentimental? That scarcely mattered. Most B.B.C. war programmes inevitably present the official view; they deal with war impersonally, and the units that compose the masses that take part in it are, as they say, expendable. What made Mr. Crawley's little feature almost unique was that it gave us one man's war; it was the small voice of the private person, and that is the rarest thing in radio and almost the most refreshing. Mr. Crawley narrated his programme with much skill and without histrionics.

In a way, the narration was the weakest part of the fascinating Third Programme discussion *Musical Composition*, in which eminent musicians, Mr. Arthur Bliss and Mr. Lennox Berkeley among them, analysed the processes of musical creation. A quite admirable programme, with a most interesting contribution on the composing of music for the voice and on the relation between music and words by Mr. David Franklin. And yet, perhaps, it was a mistake to use Mr. James McKechnie as the intelligent or inquiring layman. Mr. McKechnie is one of our finest radio actors and quite the best narrator in feature programmes used by the B.B.C. But in *Musical Composition*, good as he was, his voice came as an intrusion; for the well-known actor's is a public voice, and here it was out of place among private voices, carrying with it, as it necessarily did, all the associations with other and very different programmes in which Mr. McKechnie has played with such distinction. One was bothered by the simple and doubtless naive reflection, Was one supposed to be listening to Mr. McKechnie in his capacity of actor or as a private person?

WILLIAM SALTER

THE MOVIES

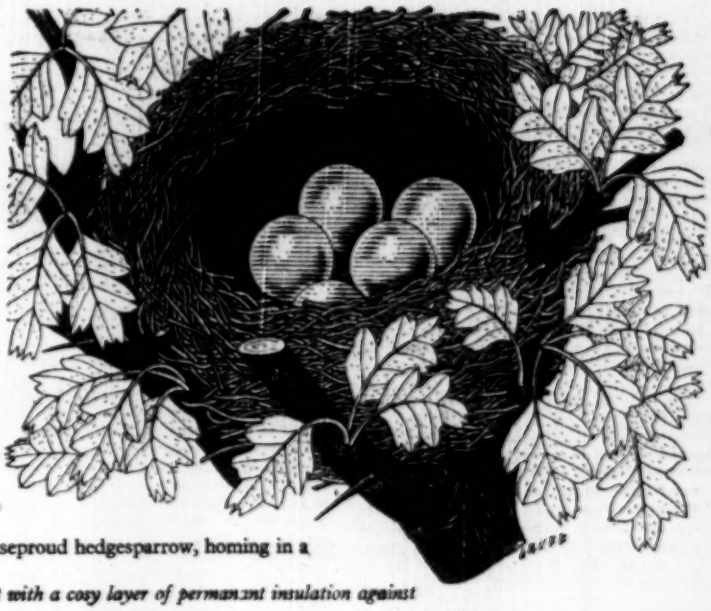
"Stromboli," at the Ionci, Golders Green Gold Coast Films, at the British Council

For months those huge mysterious placards catch the eye; they bother us and then bore us to death; and still the entertainment, or whatever it may be, holds off. "24,197,420 saw it" was, and is, typical of those curiosity-teasers. Seen what? Brumas, or perhaps Harvey? Or Miss Lamour's sarong? I suspect a film, and am allergic to being the 24,197,421st.

Stromboli began to threaten about the same time; to that volcanic word was added, in slashing italics, "*West End Soon!*" And now, rather late, it turns up at Golders Green. What had

Bird twigs

marble mystery



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happened in the meanwhile, of course, was that another and far greater epic had taken its place: that of the film's director, Rossellini, and his leading actress, Miss Ingrid Bergman. They, shy violets, delighted us with one of those romances that have made the cinema what it is; and hardly had we taken to our hearts him and her, than there was a baby to be considered, and photographed, too. And then fake Ingrids and fake babies, and stories of the fakes; so that in the end Life, you might say, had quite got the better of Art. At any rate, New York slammed *Stromboli*, the mouse out of this mountain of myth; and here it seems it is not to be shown within five miles of Charing Cross.

It is a curious piece—a melodramatic confession of weakness on the part of Rossellini. Here he hasn't—as in *The Miracle*—a great actress to weave a startling if temporising legend about; only a good one, with whom to intoxicate the greatest number. Heavens, how bunglingly he goes after it! His heroine, a displaced person, marries an Italian fisherman, who takes her straight to his own half-ruined village under Stromboli. She's supposed to love him, but never shows it: her performance strikes at once the Stromboli note of scowls and dissatisfaction boiling over. A simple, not to say crude, drama of jealousy is worked up: after repeating to other people "He can't understand a woman like me," she is going to have a baby, decides to escape over the path by the volcanos, finds it too hot, wakes in a beautiful dawn and comes back, while an announcer abruptly informs us that she has found God. We hadn't even guessed she was looking for Him.

Disappointing; yet Rossellini's talent (apart from his failure with Bergman) provides sporadically scenes of beauty. The rocky village, with its tumbledown houses and winding alleys, the great day of the tunny fishing, the night of terror when the volcano pours molten rocks into the sea and the whole population waits off-shore in boats: these create almost a saga of their own, if the story would let them. But it won't. Miss Bergman is there—very much there, and fascinating at times—but she never quite knows what to do with a fictional despair.

Three films made by the Gold Coast Unit were shown to the Press on Monday; two of them, written and directed by Sean Graham, well deserve distribution here. *Amemu's Child* carries the old (and no doubt necessary) moral of medicine versus medicine man, and gives an agreeable picture of a village in Togoland. *New Horizons* employs a more impressionist means of introducing the country as a whole, black and white, old and new. In both the technical difficulties of filming in the tropics have been overcome, and both show a touch of imagination.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

"Julius Cæsar," at Stratford

The present policy at Stratford of large-scale productions put on in the grand manner is bound to have its occupational accidents. The new production of *Julius Cæsar* seems to me, artistically speaking, to be one. In his histories Shakespeare does sometimes seem to be foreshadowing the cinema, but in practice the nearer a production approaches a film the nastier it becomes. Mr. Anthony Quayle and Mr. Michael Langham have combined to produce a *Julius Caesar* which, with its highly drilled crowds, its blaring music, its banging thunder, its noise and its bustle, with its missing of all the finer points in its determination to catch the coarser, reminded me of an attempt by Cecil B. de Mille to combine art with a grand show. It does make a grand show, and will no doubt be liked. But a "grand show" leaves out too much. There are three worlds—or levels—to be distinguished from each other in *Julius Cæsar*. The public world, represented by Julius Cæsar himself, the private world of conspiracy, and thirdly, the mob world, on which the several different kinds of rhetoric (each also to be sharply distinguished from the other) are practised. The broad lines of this production reduce all distinctions to a general muzz. For example, Mr. Quayle, who delivered the speech over Cæsar's body splendidly, refused to allow himself the opportunity of delivering "Friends, Romans, Countrymen" equally well. This is an intimate scene—however big the crowd, and let them by all means be as big as you like. It is intimate in the sense that it is a seduction scene in which every carefully pointed piece of flattery brings the seducer nearer the goal up to the climax. Mr. Quayle places himself with his back to the crowd and then bawls out the speech above their shouts. Dotty! In the second act some pleasing pictures are devised (Mr. Warwick Armstrong is the designer) and there is one point of great interest. Cassius is commonly undercast, and it is fascinating to see it overcast for a change. Mr. John Gielgud gives a most exciting performance, especially in the first half, and the effect is to take the sickliness out of Brutus's rather self-righteous nobility but to diminish his importance. Mr. Harry Andrews looked genuinely like the Noblest Roman of them All, but he talked almost too ponderously like one. Mr. Michael Gwynn makes an excellent thing of Casca.

T. C. W.

Morley College Concert

It was a lovely evening on May 12; and the Central Hall is an unlovely interior on any night of the year. Nevertheless, after making all possible allowances, it was dispiriting to see so small an audience for so rare and well-chosen a programme. What we need, somebody suggested, are more musical *snobs;* it ought to be the thing to tag along after Michael Tippett and his forces, just as all "musical" Paris tags along after Nadia Boulanger and hers. We began on this occasion with Orlando Gibbons: the stately Full Anthem, "O clap your hands," and the wonderfully intimate little Collect, "O Lord increase my faith," in which the Choir showed how thoroughly they have absorbed their conductor's love and understanding of the music of this period. There followed Stravinsky's *Ode* for chamber orchestra (1943) commissioned by Koussevitzky, and dedicated to the memory of the latter's wife. This consists of three brief movements, each attractively shaped and scored, models of classic sobriety, enjoyable at the moment, yet cold and unmemorable in retrospect. The composer's earlier *Pastorale*, in its 1923 transcription for violin and wind soloists, captivated the audience with its lazy gurgling, and had to be repeated. But Stravinsky, and even Gibbons, soon vanished from our heads after a few pages of Haydn's "Theresa" Mass in B flat. Why are we brought up to think of Haydn's Masses as dull and superannuated compositions? This mature work (written in 1799, midway between *The Creation* and *The Seasons*) is a masterpiece. Page after page reveals the most delicate balance and interplay between the soloists, chorus and orchestra; the proportions are beautifully judged, the harmony full of chromatic subtleties, and the flow of ideas incessant. Haydn never overworks his ideas; and over each of them hovers his inexhaustive serenity and goodness: even the *Crucifixus*, though deeply impressive, is not agonising. The soloists were not a well-balanced quartet: the bass, Robert Irwin, struck a patch of poor intonation; and Mary Jarred's bulgy notes were inclined to overweight the pure soprano of Elsie Morison. But the performance as a whole (with the Morley College Choir and the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra under Walter Goehr) succeeded in conveying the quality of the work.

D. S.-T.

"Hugh the Drover," at Sadler's Wells

Many respectable and gentlemanly English musicians (the same musicians who patronise Massenet, and used to patronise Puccini) sincerely believe that Vaughan Williams's opera of the Cotswolds (written in 1914) is a little masterpiece, redolent of the good brown earth, the peaceful English countryside, and so forth. Somebody must sooner or later face the charge of high treason—leading perhaps to a night in the stocks—by advancing the opposite view: that *Hugh the Drover* has little more life in it than a back number of *Punch*. The story is pointless, the fun elementary, the bustle interminable and the characterisation mostly feeble. "Ah," say the True Blues, "but what about that prize fight? Isn't that glorious?" Just why it should be glorious to watch a portly tenor and baritone locked in incompetent fisticuffs remains a mystery; perhaps, on the principle of Dr. Johnson's female preacher, because we are surprised to see it done at all. And the music? Many charming moments: Mary's first entrance, her voice taking up, from the wings, the burden of the Showman's pretty song; Hugh's first teasing song about the linnet; their nocturnal duet at the beginning of Act II; and their final romantic exit at the end of the opera. Elsewhere, it is Merry England with a vengeance: rum-tiddle rum-tiddle rum-tum-tum; dumpy tunes; colourless orchestration, and a general inability to carry on the plot in terms of music. It is preposterous to compare this clumsy (if occasionally endearing) score with Smetana's flowing lyricism and spontaneous sense of the stage At Sadler's Wells, James Robertson (conductor) and Powell Lloyd (designer and producer) have done well; but the music is not ideally sung. As the hero, James Johnston cuts an entirely convincing figure; but his singing needs more warmth. Roderick Jones was an effective villain; Joyce Gartside a rather melancholy Mary.

D. S.-T.

Exhibition at the Conversazione of The Royal Society.

It is a pity that the Royal Society's Conversazione last week was not opened to the general public, for there was much of general interest. Many of those milling on the pavements of Piccadilly outside would have been fascinated by the high-speed electronic camera, developed in the Department of Physical Chemistry at Cambridge, and capable of photographing an event occurring in a thousandth of a millionth of a second; and some might even have pondered on the possibility of using this magnificent instrument for purposes more constructive than the present study of explosives. Similar technical brilliance is evidenced by the galvanometer shown by University College, London, which can measure electric currents to an accuracy of one ten-thousand-millionth part of an ampere; while Oxford's Department of Zoology has made a routine of the insertion of a thermocouple into the thorax of the tiny fruit fly to measure its body temperature. Any pessimistic thoughts about the ease with which all this ingenuity could be applied to our own destruction are tempered by the admiration aroused by the displays from the National Institute of Medical Research, the Wellcome Laboratories of Tropical Medicine, and the London School of Hygiene. Horrifying photographs of victims of sleeping sickness and elephantiasis sharpen the mind to an appreciation of the importance of the excellent research being done on the causes and cure of these diseases; and the new knowledge of malaria, gained as a result of the public spirit of volunteers, who not only took the infection but allowed parts of their livers to be removed for examination, does something to restore one's faith in the beneficence of science.

C. B.

"Exiles," at the Q Theatre, Kew Bridge

The first professional production of James Joyce's play is an occasion, and a deeply interesting occasion. While technically it has its flaws and is even occasionally (like most good novels) slightly long-winded, yet this play is not merely a distraction, it is an experience. Cast in an Ibsenite form, it is a set of highly subtle variations on a theme of sexual jealousy. A most sensitive, imaginative production by Mr. Esmé Percy and a loyal, intelligent cast headed by Mr. David Markham, Miss Kathleen Michael and Mr. John Byron, give a performance worthy of the play. I hope to write at length about it next week; all I have space and time to say now is that there will be three performances still to see, by the time this notice appears. Everyone interested in Joyce or the theatre, or literature, will find the journey to Kew (Kew Bridge Station; 20 minutes from Waterloo) well worth their trouble.

T. C. W.

"The Dark Corridor," at the New Lindsey

Strong meat, when you come to think of it, is an odd phrase. What could it mean unless highly seasoned sausage? In this sense this murder-piece adapted from Richard Reich by Arnold Ridley is strong. Like 18th-century "imitations of Horace" it is a more or less open imitation of *Therese Raquin*, period, say, ten years later, the deaf and dumb denouncer becomes a blind son of the married couple of murderers, his hands discover the essential clues. Miss Joan Young made a full-blooded murderee. I was sorry to hear she was bumped off. She leads a cast worthy of a piece less obviously contrived.

M. S.

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Correspondence

POLITICAL TESTS

SIR,—The letter published in your last issue drawing attention to the dismissal of Mr. Andrew Rothstein from the School of Slavonic and East European Studies does not go into what seems to me the most serious issue involved.

Mr. Rothstein was dismissed by the Council of the School of Slavonic Studies on the ground that his scholarship was "inadequate." (The facts that he he is also a member of the Communist Party, and that the Cold War has warmed up since his appointment three years ago, were not mentioned.) Against the alleged lack of scholarship must be set the view of his colleagues in the History department (who find his loss "irreparable"), that he is a "teacher of outstanding ability," with "wide and detailed knowledge." A unanimous resolution passed by the Students' Union of the School (expressing "consternation" at his proposed dismissal) described his scholarship in no less flattering terms, and added that "although a man of pronounced political views, he neither allows them to interfere with his work nor attempts in any way to influence his students."

Mr. Rothstein, unlike some members of the body which sat in judgment on him, has been imprudent enough to publish works on the U.S.S.R. and Russian history: so the public can test his scholarship for itself. Readers of this journal will remember a long letter, published on May 22nd, 1948, in which Mr. Rothstein submitted to devastating criticism the methods and conclusions of Dallin's *Forced Labour in Soviet Russia*. In the current number of the *Modern Quarterly* Mr. Rothstein has a long review of Mr. Deutscher's *Stalin*. Since this book was received elsewhere with acclamation, Mr. Rothstein's full and scholarly criticism of Mr. Deutscher's use of sources is of especial significance. Possibly these criticisms occurred to other reviewers but were not made because they approved of the political tendency of Mr. Deutscher's book; possibly they did not occur to other reviewers because they lacked Mr. Rothstein's scholarship. The fact remains that (apart from a briefer review by Dr. Schlesinger in *Soviet Studies*) these serious and detailed criticisms of Mr. Deutscher's book would not have been made if Mr. Rothstein had not made them.

Mr. Rothstein's most recent contribution to scholarship on the positive side was *Man and Plan in Soviet Economy*. Mr. Alexander Werth, in a not uncritical review of this book in your columns (August 20, 1949), described it as "extremely valuable to anyone who wants to understand the main features of the organisation and the labour mechanism by which the Soviet Union functions." Mr. Rothstein is as favourable to the Soviet system in his general conclusions as were those inadequate scholars, the Webbs, in *Soviet Communism*; but even those who dislike his conclusions must agree with Mr. Werth that "there is much factual material in the book" (unavailable elsewhere in English) "that will be of great value to any serious student of Soviet war-time and post-war economics."

It is, I submit, at least open to suspicion that Mr. Rothstein has been dismissed for political and not academic reasons. Of course the Council of the School may have evidence of lack of scholarship on Mr. Rothstein's part which is not available to his colleagues, or to his students, or to readers of his published works. If that is so, it would seem wise, in the interests of their own reputation, that they should make it known. Otherwise they are in danger of laying themselves open to the charge of hypocrisy as well as of political victimization. The purge of universities in the U.S.A., deplorable though it seems to me, at least does not pretend any "concern for scholarship": it is frankly political.

Balliol College, Oxford. CHRISTOPHER HILL.

SIR,—It is time we recognised that political discrimination has become a characteristic feature of Western democratic countries. The dismissal of Professor Joliot-Curie from the post of High Commissioner for Atomic Energy in France is a further glaring example of it.

The Commissariat was founded expressly as a laboratory for exploring the peaceful applications of atomic energy. The High Commissioner was made responsible solely to the President of the Council. A separate laboratory for exploring military applications was set up under General Bergeron.

Joliot-Curie is famous as a scientist, a patriot and a worker for peace. In 1933 he and his wife were awarded the Nobel Prize for discovering artificial radioactivity. In 1939 he demonstrated experimentally the fission of uranium and thorium nuclei, and in collaboration with Halban and Kowarski, showed the possibility of nuclear chain reactions. These researches were stopped by the Nazi invasion in 1940. Joliot-Curie transferred his stock of "heavy water" to England for safe keeping, but himself stayed behind to join the Resistance movement. Bombs were made in his laboratory for use in the Paris revolt.

Joliot-Curie was appointed High Commissioner in 1946. In 1948, "Zoe," the first French pile, began operations. He and his collaborators gave all their patents concerning this pile to the State. M. Schuman, then President of the Council, wrote: "Your decision represents a real sacrifice. It shows once again in a striking manner your disinterestedness and the depths of your patriotism. I have therefore the pleasant duty of thanking you in the name of France." M. Vincent Auriol, President of the Republic, during an official inspection of "Zoe" broadcast "France in aiding you (in your research) gives to the world a magnificent example and follows her traditional mission, which is to contribute to the well-being of mankind and not to its destruction and suffering." Since then plutonium has been isolated, artificial radioactive elements have been supplied to laboratories and hospitals and courses of instruction in the new industrial techniques of utilising radioactive elements have been established.

The successful functioning of "Zoe" caused anxiety in official American circles and in the British and American press. Rumours that Joliot-Curie was to be replaced led to his co-workers writing to the President of the Council in May, 1949, to affirm their confidence in Joliot-Curie. The excuse given for his dismissal (widely attributed in Paris to American pressure), is a statement Joliot-Curie made at the Communist Party Congress at Gennevilliers last April: "Never will progressive scientists—Communist scientists—give a particle of their science in order to make war against the Soviet Union. And we shall hold firm, supported by our conviction that in so acting, we serve France and humanity at the same time." His dismissal was followed by a letter of protest to M. Bidault signed by all his scientific collaborators. They recalled their earlier letter, and concluded "we are all profoundly convinced that the future of the Commissariat cannot be separated from the person of its originator and that no other scientific person could worthily replace him." It is significant that Thibaud has been suggested as his successor. This gentleman applied for, and was appointed to, Langevin's post, when the latter was dismissed by Vichy and arrested by the Gestapo.

Joliot-Curie has committed no offence, but refuses to prostitute his science for destructive ends. It is fashionable to complain that scientists are indifferent to the results of their work. Let those who thus complain take note that it is inviting martyrdom to work for peace and man's benefit. Science is controlled by Governments, and every citizen is responsible for the use or misuse of science by his Government.

NORA WOOSTER
W. A. WOOSTER

Cambridge.

THE CHOICE OF PLATFORM

SIR,—You may be interested in the events which led the National Association of Labour Student Organisations to pass a resolution at its annual conference last March regretting the relations between a Labour M.P. and a neo-Fascist organisation, and asking the Labour Party National Executive Committee to consider the matter.

The Cambridge University Nationalist Club may be described with some precision as "neo-Fascist," for it combines anti-Semitism, *e.g.*, the sale of *The Protocols of the Elders of Zion*, with a lively awareness of the disadvantages of the label "Fascist." Thus, for the benefit of the politically immature, it describes its first aim (in the current *Varsity Handbook*) in the words: "That Britain belongs to and should be ruled by men and women of British stock"; and the point is driven home at its meetings with such information as: "one in every nine British M.P.s are Jews. Since 1847 our own Government has not been Christian."

This quotation from a Nationalist speech appeared in the *Spectator* of February 18 last year, and led to an interesting correspondence. The secretary of the Nationalist Club wrote that the club was not Fascist, and that the speaker had been misquoted. This the speaker herself confirmed; but she went on to assertions even more striking than those attributed to her, writing in conclusion that in addition to those "M.P.s openly claimed as Jewish, there are twenty to thirty others in Parliament, who by reason of changed names or matrimonial or synagogue connections, 'International Brigade' or similar past or present open or secret 'pressures,' can always be relied upon to attempt to fool their British constituencies, while voting for Zionist-Communist policies"!

The Cambridge University Labour Club was therefore unpleasantly surprised to learn last November that Mr. H. Norman Smith, Labour and Co-operative M.P. for Nottingham South, was willing to address the Nationalist Club. A protest addressed to Transport House was answered by Mr. Smith himself. His meeting had "unhappily fallen through, due to a hitch in the organisational arrangements"; but the C.U.L.C. letter would have made no difference. He was then sent the *Spectator* cuttings, to which he replied with praise for the declared objects of the Nationalist Club and a violent diatribe against Jewish terrorism and the "scum of Eastern Europe's ghettoes" in Palestine. He disclaimed, however, anti-Semitism. He ended with the assurance that he would certainly take the Nationalist Club platform if invited again.

This letter was referred to the Secretary of the Labour Party, with the suggestion that the writer seemed an unfortunate candidate for the forthcoming General Election. The reply came from the Assistant National Agent, who, in a game defence of Mr. Smith, suggested that he was only expressing forcibly views held "by all responsible men and women." Did the National Executive Committee hear anything of all this before endorsing Mr. Smith's candidature?

Cambridge. PERCY CRADOCK

MODERN ARMS AND FREE MEN

SIR,—I am not surprised that Mr. R. H. S. Crossman, who reviewed *Modern Arms and Free Men*, in your issue of April 22, did not approve of the book. With my general respect for British journalism, however, I was surprised to find in the review a quotation, out of context, misinterpreted in such a manner as to alter its meaning seriously. Your reviewer quotes:—

> It is a far cry indeed from the time when the enemy has a bomb. Before the time comes, many things may happen. We may be living by then in a different sort of world.

To interpret this to mean that it will be a long time before Russia has a bomb is to refuse to read what is written. Evidence of an atomic explosion in Russia had become known when the book went to press, as is noted in the Foreword. The full statement from which Mr. Crossman took but three sentences has an altogether different signification and renders his misinterpretation obvious. The full statement, beginning on page 138 of the Heinemann edition, follows:—

> This is not to state that it is highly improbable that the conditions stated in our premise will ever occur, for, unfortunately, we can take comfort in no such hallucination, but rather to indicate that the time when we shall have to face the issue of two groups frowning at each other over adequate atomic-bomb stocks, and all that goes with them, may be very far off as time is reckoned in present international relations. It is a far cry indeed from the time when the enemy has a bomb. Before the time comes when a war would be primarily an atomic war, many things may happen. We may be living by then in a different sort of world.

As to "all that goes with them," the entire chapter in which this material occurs is devoted to a discussion of that subject.

I shall appreciate your publishing this note as a correction, for I would not have your readers, few of whom will read the book itself, be left with the impression that I make light of the dire perils which we face—which, fortunately, we face together.

Washington, D.C. V. BUSH

YUGOSLAVIA AND HER NEIGHBOURS

SIR,—It is to be regretted that you should have accepted at their face value certain rather serious, though completely unfounded, allegations of the present Bulgarian Government against Yugoslavia, without trying to verify those allegations with the other side in the dispute. To have taken the latter course would, moreover, have preserved THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION from giving its support to certain chauvinistic Bulgarian claims.

The Bulgarian Note, as summarised in your comment, treats certain persons involved as Bulgarian citizens. These persons are, however, admitted to have entered Yugoslavia from Aegean Macedonia, that is to say they are Macedonians. Their nationality at present cannot be Bulgarian-Macedonians, but Greek-Macedonians; they can in law be only Greek citizens. Nevertheless, the Bulgarian Note wishes to treat them as Bulgarian citizens.

Why? Because some time during the recent war, and as a reward for a dastardly attack upon their Balkan neighbours, the Bulgarian Government of the Fascist King Boris were allowed to occupy so-called Vardar Macedonia (now one of the six federal republics of Yugoslavia), and Aegean Macedonia (a part of Greece). The Fascist Bulgarian Government decreed the annexation of Aegean Macedonia to Bulgaria with the full blessing of Hitler. (The present Bulgarian Government seems to have no objection!) That is why the persons involved in the present instance are labelled "Bulgarians," or Bulgar citizens.

I have no information that any of the Governments which fought Hitler has as yet accepted as valid territorial annexations, or similar acts, carried out, or decreed, during the Hitlerite war against the democratic nations. It seems that the Bulgarian Government is now trying, if only by implication, to realise some of the claims vainly advanced by its predecessors. M. J. SUDJIC,

Politika, Belgrade. London Correspondent

[Mr. Sudjic apparently does not deny that some "Macedonians" not possessing Yugoslav citizenship are being forcibly detained in Yugoslavia, but contends that they are all Greek citizens from Aegean Macedonia. Even if this were so, it is not clear why they should be denied the right to emigrate to the country of their choice, or why the Bulgarian Note should not have championed their cause. If, for instance, the French Government were to detain forcibly Spanish refugees who wished to leave France for, say, Czechoslovakia, would the British Government be guilty of diplomatic impropriety if it intervened on their behalf? But, in fact, as the Bulgarian Note and our comment on it made plain, the *détenus* are alleged to comprise not only the (admittedly Greek) refugees from Aegean Macedonia but also (i) Bulgarian engineers and others who had accepted temporary jobs in Yugoslavia, and (ii) "Macedonians" (some doubtless born in Vardar Macedonia) who emigrated thirty or more years ago to Bulgaria, acquired Bulgarian citizenship and came experimentally to reside (with Bulgarian passports) in Vardar Macedonia after the Liberation. In observing that the Bulgarian Note protested against their detention we were far from "giving support" to territorial claims by the Bulgarian Government which exist (so far as we are aware) wholly in Mr. Sudjic's imagination.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

INDEPENDENT FILMS

SIR,—We read with interest Mr. Bernard Miles' open letter to J. Arthur Rank. We wanted to write a similar letter, for we have produced an independent film called *Tinker*, which has been refused circuit booking on the same grounds as Mr. Miles' film. But we, alas, are in a more unfortunate position than our colleague, for two reasons: (a) our film, though a feature film, does not come within the terms of reference of the Board of Trade Tribunal, and (b) because, in our case, most of the money invested is ours.

Now in style our films are similar, produced entirely on location, dealing with everyday life of typical British youth, but in *Tinker* the real people play themselves, though in a story film. Our film had high praise at its premiere showing at Edinburgh Film Festival, and was well received by the Trade press, but because, apparently, it has no stars it has no circuit booking nor West End showing, nor press coverage by the film critics. For, though Mr. Miles' film, was reviewed by all the critics, ours was ignored by nearly all of them (including THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION). However, we were flattered to have Miss C. A. Lejeune deal with us over two columns, and treating our film as if it were a £150,000 production, instead of being made on a shoe-string.

Tinker was accepted by a high-class firm of distributors, who have every faith in it, and it will get good bookings outside London, yet because of the absence of block circuit bookings we shall have to wait for two years or maybe more in order even to get our money back! How can we go on making independent productions that way?

We spoke to Mr. Harold Wilson about it. He was very sympathetic but can do nothing save consider our proposal that in future all feature films, whether first or second, or co-feature categories, should be included in the terms of reference of the Board of Trade Selection Committee. But that, he said, would require legislation. If Mr. Rank would agree to Bernard Miles' suggestion, we shall be glad to submit our picture to such a test—including Mr. Rank seeing it for himself. Mr. Miles was condemned to death without jury or appeal, but was reprieved. But we are still under sentence of death.

Citizen Films. HERBERT MARSHALL
FREDDA BRILLIANT

GREEK CITY-STATES

SIR,—I am grateful to Mr. Giles Romilly for his careful review of my *Greek City-States*. Obviously we differ on the way such a book should be written. This is too wide a subject for discussion here; but may I take up one or two points?

First, I wished among other things to tell a continuous story about these lesser-known city-states because that is exactly what cannot be got out of textbooks.

Second, when I suggested in the closing sentence that the solution of our troubles lay in "imagination," I did not mean fantasy, a cutting adrift from the facts in order to soar into an empyrean of opinion or desire; I meant the vivid realisation of different ways of life, and this I think can only be attained through a close study of all the available facts, great and small. Such a study does not necessarily lead to imaginative understanding; but I do not think one can "live too closely with one's sources" if one is to reconstruct a picture of any value.

Third, the passage about the bleaching effect of the waters of Crathis was put in to show the lively interest of Greeks in natural phenomena which led to the rise of science.

Fourth, to say that "interesting points" get mislaid because "we have to hear about the intervention of Alexander the Great or Caesar" is as if a critic two thousand years hence should be impatient with a historian of the twentieth century because he has to show that interesting tendencies in European countries were interrupted by the intervention of Hitler. It is a pity, but it is a historical fact, that the Macedonian conquest destroyed the city-state system and the Roman conquest destroyed even the *simulacra* that remained. KATHLEEN FREEMAN

WOMEN'S INSTITUTES

SIR,—We wonder on what authority or facts Mr. Colin Jackson based the following statement:

> "In every village the Tories had an active party, usually backed up by indirect assistance from such bodies as the Women's Institute and British Legion."

The Women's Institute movement is strictly non-party-political and according to the Rules of its Constitution no Women's Institute in any village could give either direct or indirect assistance to any political party.

National Federation of Women's Institutes, London, S.W.1. F. FARRAR *General Secretary.*

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Books in General

THE novel seeks whom it may devour. It reaches out to more and more people, greedily assimilates them to the likeness of the writer, and when a Flaubert truthfully or half-truthfully says "*Madame Bovary—c'est moi*" we bow obsequiously to our ruling monster. We are the natural fodder and we have the pride of slaves. Only when the novelist writes of himself openly shall we eye him with suspicion, for then he will subtract something of himself, and if he should turn to his fellows in the other arts suspicion is likely to become protest. A monster is inclined to be overfond and professionally soft when he turns to his own kind. He is not at one remove. The pretensions of the novelist are too great, the seductive impurities of literature are too easy; too fluently will he assume that other arts can be described in his loquacious terms, too fluently forget that they directly describe themselves.

It was Cézanne's opinion that his paintings were their own description. He had suffered enough from journalists; he believed his personal life to lack importance. But, more ambiguous than the journalist, the novelist hunted him. He was to come under the industrious, hammering pen of Emile Zola. The solitary to be auctioned off by the great auctioneer who drew his breath from crowds; the visionary to be weighed by the constructor; the "failure" to be judged by the success; the friend of a lifetime to be publicly exposed to affection, understanding, pity. We know, of course, from Zola's own notes on *L'Oeuvre** that Cézanne was not the only model for Claude Lantier. We are assured by research that the portrait of Claude was not the cause of the breach in a profound friendship, which had lasted since Zola and Cézanne were schoolboys in Aix; though one critic, John Rewald, has made the point that Cézanne must have been wounded by the pity Zola displayed. Zola had never written articles about him, as he had of the Impressionists: now he saw why—he had not, as an artist, been worth it! But the two had quarrelled many times and Zola, on his way to ever vaster and more rhetorical panoramas and notorieties, ascending to apotheosis in his frock coat, was already distant from the painter who stared at nature in a solitude which could not be too intense. It was less and less likely that the writer whose needs drew him to the orgies of the public stage and the painter who had been ridiculed, ruined and persecuted in them, would have anything to say to each other. There was nothing to bind them but the strongest tie—the passionate memories of their young days together—and, as the successful years go by, nothing snaps like a strong bond. The irony of Zola's novel remains all the deeper. It is the irony of an irrelevance.

What Cézanne may have felt, we can suspect, is what painters have commonly felt about literature: a sardonic anger at being, as it were, swallowed alive by another art. It is true that what is swallowed is usually a dummy. But, even by proxy to have swelled the maw of that Romantic glutton, to see paterfamilias (rather brilliantly) fattening himself so that *you* become *him*! To see him, above all, disposing of his private doubts by transferring them to oneself! For that Zola very curiously did in his portrait of Claude Lantier. "The struggles of the artist with nature"—we hear the novelist chugging out his notes like a great puff-puff—"the effort of creation," "blood and tears." He is going to give his flesh. There are to be battlings with truth, wrestlings with the angel. "In a word," Zola expands, "I shall recount my own intimate life as a creative artist, the everlasting pains of childbirth." Why, then, choose Claude Lantier? Zola has already planned his own portrait in Paul Sandoz, the slave of the pen, suffering from all the morbidities of success. Or, if Claude is required, why must he be after the same kind of thing as Sandoz-Zola—"the wish to execute huge modern decorative works, frescoes giving a complete survey of our day and age . . . At bottom he is a Romantic, a constructor." Why must Lantier-Cézanne paint novels by Zola? Why must Claude fail where Paul succeeds? It is true that until then Cézanne had in fact failed, and was still, as far as Zola could see, a pitiable Bohemian, without the talent to extract his own genius. Zola, even though duped by his romantic notions about greatness, had some grounds for his judgment. But there is evidently a deeper reason.

Mr. Walton in the introduction to his new translation of *L'Oeuvre* points out that "the failure of the pseudo-genius, the 'conquest' of Paris by the younger generation, the fatal attraction of the Capital, and the rivalry between Woman and Art, had been part of the stock-in-trade of French novelists at least since Balzac." The theme of *L'Oeuvre* is matched by the *Le Chef d'Oeuvre Inconnu*. Claude Lantier has to bear the burden of Zola's own dread of his own Romantic tendencies and the guilt that eats at old friendships. Zola-Sandoz marries because marriage ensures for the artist order, peace and freedom from Woman; yet marriage rather disturbingly contains Woman, and who knows when She will not arise and manifest Her traditional jealousy of art, her hatred of a passion stronger than anything she can evoke? By transference, this evil can be placed upon Lantier who can also be made to bear another nightmare of Zola's, indeed of any writer's life; the fear of creative impotence. For Zola the passion for art is sexual. Chaste in life we are potent in art. And in this book, as in so many of his novels, the sexual motif and its symbols are blatant and orgiastic. In *Germinal* we saw the broken engine of the mine raise its lever and fall in the last stroke of the sexual act, a stroke that indicates its death. In *L'Oeuvre*, Claude is raped by his wife, made to renounce his picture, and then goes off in remorse at his betrayal and hangs himself before it. Its central figure, characteristically academic and promisingly shocking in the Zola fashion, is an ornate, splendidly indecent and luxurious female idol.

Nothing is impossible, as we soon discover when we find our way into the secret lives of people. Suicides have been known to go in for an erotic decor. An obscure painter, who had killed himself because he was rejected by the Salon, is said to have put this final scene into Zola's head. There are jealous women who wreck pictures, tear up manuscripts, and head men off to the office. What displeases is the inevitable operatic note in Zola's story: the painter is obliged to fail at the top of his voice. He lives with visions which are well argued but which, upon reflection, look like poster advertisements. Yet, in the midst of it all, the one acceptable artist—and he is very convincing—is Paul Sandoz, working like a factory, faithful to his wife, charitable to his friends, worrying to death about his reputation, unable to believe or disbelieve in it, cozening the public, buying antiques, going respectfully to funerals and regularly to lunch. How Zola's own death was to fail the theatrical formula! And yet, since he was working off the dread (as Mr. Walton says) of his unconquerable Romanticism, how gratifying to the Naturalist to be scientifically asphyxiated by the fumes of his stove! But Sandoz is a writer, and the writers must have a square deal. The good portraits of painters are the brief glum sketches of Bongrand (who is Manet) hating his early work because he fears he has been unable to surpass it; and the minor fry of cunning imitators. They are not burdened with a mystique which Zola, as his critical articles on Impressionism had shown, did not understand and was impatient of because it showed no signs of producing a "great" man—a fresco painter.

Zola is the novelist of simplification, inflation, drama, the large, slack, crowd-catching line. He seeks the crowd-feeling pictorial. The weakness of *L'Oeuvre* as a novel is that the content of one character is divided among two. We know it is beside the point—for Cézanne was still a failure, a ridiculed, persecuted painter, and easily presented as one of the *ratés* of a Murger-like Bohemia, incompetent in life as in art—but suppose Cézanne had, by this time, succeeded? Would this have persuaded Zola to stick to the facts of Cézanne's life? Or was failure romantically necessary to the novelist? What ham theatre, what Hollywood stuff it is when Claude "fights" his canvas, gazes at Notre Dame (of all places), watches his child die without concern! Or rather, how trivial it seems beside Cézanne's strange, busy, silent life: the efficient separations from his wife—he adroitly got her another room in Aix when she came back—his dependence on his mother and sister, his adoration of his son, his secretiveness with his rich father, the quiet cunning of his Catholicism. The drama of Cézanne's life is in the simplicity of his passions, the secrecy of an intense life that uses naivety to veil the path of single-mindedness.

The Romantic dogma of death, failure and the hidden taint is responsible for the false twists in Zola's realism. Yet *L'Oeuvre*, of course, does not fail to display his great gifts as

* *The Masterpiece*. By Emile Zola. Translated by Thomas Walton. *Paul Elek*. 12s. 6d.

a novelist. He is a master of large scenes. The crowded account of the Salons is brilliant; if the studio talk is unbearably jaunty and slangy, the general essay on the preoccupations of the artist's life is touching, tolerant and true. Claude's wife is well-drawn, especially when she is a modest young girl, and Zola modest and domestic is always superior to Zola repelling himself in scenes of physical passion, when he presents reality as if he hated it. There are dozens of small, tenderly observant touches in the portrait of Claude's wife, especially in the record of her changes of opinion about her husband and his work; these things go to the heart. Zola knew married life. He can convey sadness without sentimentality, resignation without the poison of an injected pessimism. *L'Oeuvre* is moved by that sad and universal music which stirs when we look back upon our youth and the friends of that time and see the changes that have been brought to hope, the transformations grotesque, beneficent or ineluctable, that experience has forced upon our desires. It is a novel about the injustice of time itself; and everything springing from that knowledge in it, is truthful and good. Claude himself, in those moments, is a friend, and friendship itself appears as a passion.

Yet—back to the novel factory at Médan. Art has been polished off in *L'Oeuvre*. Science must be dealt with in *Dr. Pascal*. Back to the hell of success which, to be habitable, depends on the comforting knowledge that failure abounds. Back, indeed to work for work's sake, despite the dismal suspicion that even the virtue of the treadmill is dubious, for posterity will not care a damn about these terrible personal conflicts. One goes out in an ugly scene at a cemetery with a random train-whistle going off. The terrible temptation towards one more operatic scene, one more orgy of sexual symbolism, visits the labouring Naturalist; he has covered the families, the professions, the industries, the passions. Megalomania points to the cities; perhaps if he enlarges enough, the weary rationalist will find a meaning to life. Meanwhile (as they say) alone at Aix. . . .

V. S. PRITCHETT

THE RAM'S HORN

I have turned to the landscape because men disappoint me:
the trunk of a tree is proud; when the woodmen fell it,
it still has a contained ionic solemnity:
it is a rounded event without the need to tell it.

I have never been compelled to turn away from the dawn
because it carries treason behind its wakened face:
even the horned ram, glowering over the bog-hole,
though symbol of evil, will step through the blown grass with grace.

Animal, plant, or insect, stone or water,
are, every minute, themselves; they behave by law.
I am not required to discover motives for them,
or strip my heart to forgive the rat in the straw.

I live my best in the landscape, being at ease there;
the only trouble I find I have brought in my hand.
See, I let it fall with a rustle of stems in the nettles,
and never for a moment suppose that they understand.

JOHN HEWITT

POETS IN THE THEATRE

Stratton. By RONALD DUNCAN. *Faber*. 9*s*. 6*d*.
Prophesy to the Wind. By NORMAN NICHOLSON. *Faber*. 8*s*. 6*d*.
Henry Bly and Other Plays. By ANNE RIDLER. *Faber*. 10*s*. 6*d*.
The Birds of Aristophanes. Translated by GILBERT MURRAY. *Allen & Unwin*. 7*s*. 6*d*.
The Family Honour. By LAURENCE HOUSMAN. *Cape*. 7*s*. 6*d*.

These plays come together by the accident of publication dates, but taken with their theatres of origin they group interestingly. Mr. Housman's play was produced at the Glasgow Citizens', Mr. Nicholson's at the Newcastle People's Theatre, one of Mrs. Ridler's three was read aloud at the Mercury, but Mr. Duncan's play with Mr. Clive Brook in the lead, got as near as the Theatre Royal, Brighton, and is to be produced too at the Mercury.

Evidently *Stratton* was rated as a possible by the entertainment industry. It has character, conflict, and strong situations. Sir Cory Stratton, K.C., shoots his son, Cory Stratton, in the ancestral hall among the Cory Stratton portraits, because he is jealous of youth, in love with his son's wife, or because he symbolises something. The play lacks, I think, solvents as strong as its situations, its characters are clearly defined without being particularly interesting, and the baroque properties, fashionably false, are a handicap. One can see the point of making central figures out of Dukes and the inheritors of portrait galleries. Their situations are presumably well out of reach of economic necessity, but the gain in emotional freedom is offset by a loss in emotional strength. Henry James used this device with American millionaires (when it sometimes worked well) and Italian princes (when it generally worked badly). The millionaires were more convincing.

At this point I expect an interruption from the poets' theatre. "Aha! By convincing you mean realistic, which is just what we are trying to avoid!" The other interruption will come from a more middlebrow quarter: "But these are verse plays. Never mind the situations. What about the magic of words?" Let us take the intelligent interruption first.

"The aims of the dramatist of the future are almost certain to be incompatible with it (verse). It is therefore doomed." This is Ibsen's famous remark, but it was made at the beginning not at the end of his prose period, and though he said nothing about it his practice changed. We use verse or prose to impose an emotional pattern. Five-stress blank verse imposes one sort of emotional pattern: the prose epigram another. When Ibsen broke the pattern of what he called "the tragedy in iambic pentameters" (it persisted in Scandinavia a few years longer than it did here) it was not simply in order to introduce realism, though this was his first thought. His last prose plays are less realistic than the poem *Brand*. The later plays of Ibsen, and this is applicable even more clearly to Strindberg, are concerned less with realism than with an intense unity of effect. This means among other things an intensified emotion, which may be a good or a bad thing.

How does this apply to our new "poets' theatre"? After the nervous intensity of late Ibsen and Strindberg, audiences, as well as writers, feel a need for verse as a means of control. It may turn out in the end that "verse control" is needed only in scenes of private emotion. For any public occasion prose rhetoric every time!

I wonder if this is where the "poets' theatre" is breaking down? Mr. Duncan uses verse to excellent rhetorical effect, and evidently there is a public hunger for rhetoric. People are going back to the theatre for the sort of fun they used to get out of sermons, lectures and parliamentary debates. But none of this has much to do with poetry.

In bringing verse back to the theatre the writers are not necessarily aiming at a higher literary level. Mr. Shaw's prose is better writing than the verse of many poets one can think of. Nor are verse effects necessarily more subtle or complex. The tradition indeed is the other way round, Shakespeare for instance uses prose for artifice and complexity, verse for simplicity. Our tradition is the mixed form (mixed in more ways than one) and Mr. Duncan, though tentatively, is giving thought to the useful effects that can be scored by switching without warning from verse to prose.

But none of the plays in this batch seems to me to hit the bull's-eye a poet in the theatre must surely aim at. The use of verse makes emotional control possible, and in verse we ought to be able to approach situations that would be embarrassing in dramatic prose. For M. Jourdain was only partly right, we speak prose in board-rooms but not necessarily in bedrooms, and in moments of private emotion it may be easier for verse to catch the rhythm of speech. Thus with the help of verse the theatre ought to be able to move out of "the world of anger and telegrams" into that of personal relations. Better still, in our traditional mixed form of verse and prose we can explore the curious frontier between the two. Mr. Duncan might have done this if he had not made his people public figures from the core outwards.

Mr. Nicholson's play belongs to an earlier and a simpler tradition, for instance that of the poet's near neighbour the late Gordon Bottomley, plays in which cloudy generalised figures move before a primitive landscape in an action from one of the sagas. True, in *Prophesy to the Wind* the primitive landscape is after, not before, the atom bomb. These islands have been depopulated, the Icelanders have taken over, and into their saga world irrupts a Rip Van Winkle who unearths a dynamo and is killed for his pains. It has a good dramatic moment when the stranger addresses the audience:

> Oh you whom now I see,
> But cannot hear or touch,
> Cloud of dead witnesses,
> Floating in the dust
> Of your exploded world...

Mrs. Ridler's *Henry Bly* dramatises the tale of *Brother Lustig* which in the version of the brothers Grimm begins like this:

> Once there was a great war, which at last came to an end, and then many soldiers received their discharge, and amongst others was Brother Lustig who was sent away with nothing else but a small loaf of ammunition-bread and four farthings in money.

Mrs. Ridler's version is:

> Once, the story says, there was a great war
> Which seemed everlasting till—it suddenly ended,
> And soldiers changed their glasses looking homeward
> To learn the hue—and cry—of peace.
> But I was there as usual, no release
> Or armistice for my amphibious life, my feet
> Planted on earth, my head in the fearful height,
> My body in rags, since the world began,
> Garments with which Mount Carmel or the Certosa
> Disgust the delicate sense, and burning heart
> That sears the humorous, the liberal, the tolerant man.

The saint, disguised as tramp, says this and much more. Then Henry Bly (Brother Lustig) takes over:

> Place—the boards: which in this instance means
> A convenient promontory, on which to utter
> Those cosy monologues which are all the fashion.

There is still a page and a half to go before we get to:

> What have I got? Four bob and a piece of bread.

Surely, the prose version says it better as well as quicker? And is not the view of the stage as "a convenient promontory on which to utter," etc." a wrong one?

Professor Gilbert Murray's translation of *The Birds* follows a well-worn track. It is interesting to read on the fly-leaf that while Professor Murray's *Electra* is in the 50th thousand and his *Oedipus* in the 24th, *Agamemnon* is only in the 12th thousand—an index of something if only a man could discover what!

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JONATHAN CAPE

humour, peat and whisky. This time, I think, Mr. Laurence Housman, adept and charming as he is, has been too easy-going. His villains are only broths of boys, his hero and heroine just nice people. This play happens to be in prose but is hardly a starting point for arguments about verse or prose. It accepts a set of theatrical conventions which go deeper, I suspect, than any formal arguments, the emotional conventions theatre people are tempted into by the night-by-night necessity of keeping on good terms with the public: a "sense of theatre" in a bad sense, as cosy as "these monologues."

Prose against verse, realism against symbolism, theatre of character against theatre of ideas—no doubt the debates will continue. The devil of it is that ideas are governed by emotions: emotions belong to people: people are in situations: which are in history. It is an infinite regress with a finite sum of which only the poet in the theatre has the formula. And the poet in the theatre as likely as not, like Mr. Shaw, writes prose.

MONTAGU SLATER

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These our Children. By ARTHUR COLLIS and VERA E. POOLE. *Gollancz.* 8s. 6d.

Backward Children in the Making. By CHARLES SEGAL, with an Introductory Note by Sir CYRIL BURT. *Muller.* 7s. 6d.

Socialists will find in these two books a vindication of their teaching and a bitterly depressing reminder of failure in achievement. Anyone who was familiar with conditions in an industrial area in the Thirties and who knows the same area to-day can contrast the healthy babies with the thin mites whose mothers avoided Welfare Centres because they would not let their poverty be seen. It is only necessary to watch children coming out of school in good sensible clothing to be struck by the improvement the last fifteen years have brought about: it is difficult to realise that from the same school not so many years ago the children came wearing shoes in which they could hardly walk, and clothes which had little reference to the weather, and to remember how many children slept under one thin blanket and a pile of old coats. And, thinking on such things as these, we are much comforted.

To spoil the picture come two books which tell the story of children in a dockland area, and in a typical working-class district of North Kensington. It is almost the only fault I have to find with *These our Children* that the authors do not make clear how far the conditions of child neglect and misery they describe apply to the whole district: the impression is one of almost unrelieved squalor, of an area where in only a minute percentage of homes is there the happy family life which is certainly to be found in other East End districts not far from the scene of this book. But the book is about a very bad area, notorious for its brothels and dope dives and slums: a district of mixed races typical of many ports. The authors tell the stories of children intimately known to them, and there can be no doubt that these two people understand youngsters and enjoy them. They are unbearably moved by the unhappiness of children deprived of care and opportunities for healthy fun, children who have little affection and no standard of conduct given them in their early years. From the overcrowded slum homes, often tenanted by drunken, slatternly and lecherous adults, the authors turn to describe the life of the streets, the cheap cafés and fun fairs, the haunts of pickpockets, methylated spirit drinkers and prostitutes. The scene is the worst of *Our Towns—A Close Up*, *Branch Street* and *Problem Families* in one, and every word of it carries conviction.

Backward Children in the Making is not a lurid book. It is less well written than *These Our Children*: it is jerky, and Mr. Segal's comments are sometimes naive and obvious. But these are minor shortcomings. The author is a schoolmaster who has carried out a valuable piece of social investigation. He finds, by carefully measured tests, that there is two and a half times as much backwardness among his ten-year-olds as there was in 1937. This he considers is largely due to the ill effects of the war, but he finds, and supports his contention by many interesting quotations, that backwardness is frequently related to poor environment and sub-standard living, and that backwardness and delinquency are very often correlated. The better physique of the 1947 boys Mr. Segal attributes to more ample food and school meals, but housing conditions and overcrowding are worse than in 1937.

The really heartening chapters in both books deal with enlightened experiments in education by enthusiastic individuals. The authors of both books cry out for houses, playgrounds, educational facilities, nursery schools, clubs, good films and books: they want legislative reforms and a Ministry of Child Welfare: but they are well aware that the personality development of children depends also on the individual work of educationalists and child lovers who will give time to talking to children, playing with them, taking them for outings and holidays, and giving them friendship and affection. The personal work for children in their homes by Pacifist Service Units and Family Service Units is given high praise, and also the methods of helping homeless and maladjusted children described in *The Barns Experiment*.

Both the books under review, and particularly *These our Children*, are a challenge on the political level and a plea on the personal level; interesting, unsentimental, and moving.

IRENE T. BARCLAY

MOUNTAIN HISTORY

A History of Mountaineering. By CLAIRE ELIANE ENGEL. *Allen & Unwin.* 21s.

After H. B. de Saussure succeeded in climbing Mount Blanc in 1787, he was made an F.R.S.: the fact neatly illustrates Mlle Engel's argument that scientists were the real pioneers of mountaineering. The cult of mountains had, of course, developed greatly in the eighteenth century: we all know about Rousseau and Thomas Gray and William Gilpin. But it was directed at admiring mountains (and the people who lived among them), at making excursions among mountains: not at climbing to the tops of mountains. If any poet loved mountains, it was Wordsworth: but when he made his walking tour in the Alps with Jones in 1790 they stuck to tracks and only crossed well-known passes. Indeed, in Book VI of *The Prelude* he describes their panic at having somehow strayed off the path at the top of the Simplon. He had no ambition to stand on the peaks that overlooked it.

It was the physicists, the geologists, the naturalists who needed to get to the top of these rock-crowned summits, these domes of snow. The De Luc brothers of Geneva climbed the Buet in 1770 in order to measure the air pressure at the top: nine years later the Abbé Murith, a botanist from the hospice on the Great St. Bernard, climbed the Velan and made a list of the plants found on the highest rocks. Long before ropes were *de rigueur*, or ice-axes invented, barometers and thermometers were essential equipment for anyone undertaking a climb.

It was not till well on in the nineteenth century that the two groups—the literary mountain-lovers and the scientific mountain-climbers—coalesced: the founding of the Alpine Club in 1857 might be taken as marking this merger. Dons, artists and lawyers, like Leslie Stephen, Edward Whymper and Alfred Wills, discovered the pleasures of cutting steps up ice slopes and straddling rock ridges *à cheval*; Leslie Stephen ragged the scientists about their barometers and spirit-lamps; he even provoked Tyndall to resign from the Club in a huff; but, by an agreeable compensation, the scientists themselves were inspired by the Alps to produce works of literature, such as J. D. Forbes's *Travels Through the Alps*

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The full story of the events leading up to the tragic situation in Greece, by the former British Ambassador in Athens.
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and Tyndall's *Hours of Exercise*, worthy to stand by the books of their rivals, *The Playground of Europe* and *Scrambles Amongst the Alps*.

Mlle Engel is almost as interested in the writings of mountaineers as in their climbs. There have been several histories of the subject: she has made hers fresh and lively by using unpublished letters and narratives of the early climbers, by her interest in the personalities of climbers and guides, and by her wide reading in nineteenth- and twentieth-century literature. It is a stimulating narrative, and very well illustrated; but it should be used with reserve as a reference book. There are too many wrong dates, mis-spellings and sweeping judgments—*e.g.* 'the worst adversaries of mountaineering were the guides'.

Mlle Engel is French; but she has written her history in remarkably easy English, and from an English, indeed an Alpine Club, point of view. This is understandable, for in the golden age that opened in the Fifties, when peak after peak fell to British climbers, from the Matterhorn to the Grépon, mountaineering was permeated by Alpine Club values. These might be summarised as a sense of adventure, a modified respect for science, the enjoyment of difficulties, the appreciation of mountain beauty—and above all, a saving sense of proportion that rarely let climbers forget that climbing was a sport, and a pleasure.

These are still the characteristics of the British climber, whether in the Alps or the Karakoram: but Alpine mountaineering, since the golden age, has been coloured by different conceptions. The enormous Continental clubs, which demanded no technical qualifications, encouraged gregariousness: lots of young Swiss, French and Germans climb at week-ends, as they ski, or cycle, or play tennis, simply because their friends do it. Then the French, just before the 1914-18 war, introduced an element of perfectionism: they demonstrated on the Chamonix Aiguilles that every technical problem had its elegant solution. After the war came the Germans, with their insistence on making mountains, not just the testing-ground of courage and skill which they had always been, but a battlefield for suicidal rivalries and grisly national triumphs. In 1935 an Austro-German party of four succeeded in climbing the appalling north face of the Eiger after three days and two nights of exposure, and after seven of their colleagues had been killed on earlier attempts. They were presented to Hitler. The Italians, following suit, instituted a *Pro Valore* medal for climbs of exceptional danger and difficulty.

"*C'est pas de l'alpinisme, ça c'est la guerre!*" That was the verdict of the crack Chamonix guide Armand Charlet after he had repeated one of those grim German north-face climbs. A few years later there was no need to simulate conditions of war in the Alps. One of Mlle Engel's most interesting chapters describes some of the fighting in the Alps in the last war: the spirited sorties of the Chasseurs Alpins in Val d'Isère and the Col de la Seigne in June 1940, to show the Italians that Frenchmen could still fight, the ghostly engagement on the Col du Midi in 1945 between French and German ski-troops—swooping, shooting figures, muffled in white.

We have barely heard of these battles over here, nor of the escapes across the Alps from the prison camps of Northern Italy, made by men with no maps, no ropes, no axes, and no experience. Mlle Engel has gone to much trouble to collect these stories, from the escapers, and from the Swiss soldiers who so often rescued them from the glaciers on which they were hopelessly wandering. There are some astonishing experiences, as of the New Zealand party who went down *into* a crevasse on the Grenz glacier under Monte Rosa, walked along the bottom, and finally came out, as from a tunnel, beneath a barrier of seracs. But I think Mlle Engel's happiest discovery was the narrative of an Englishman, Julian Hall, who had never climbed before, who found himself on a pass over 4,000 metres high, surrounded by great mountains whose names he did not know. Then one shape imposed itself, familiar though never seen before: the Matterhorn.

> As Shakespeare's kings are to kings who have no Shakespeare, so is the Matterhorn to its Alpine fellows. Your historian and your mountaineer know the one. The whole world knows the other. A name, a legend, a picture, a memory. The Matterhorn is all those things. I had seen it (not with pleasure or with awe, but listlessly, with chains on my feet) before I knew what it was. Now, in my freedom, I knew its name and the name was familiar to me and moving like that of a Greek tragedy or the number of a Beethoven Symphony.

There are plenty of mountaineers who could lead a party safely over the Felikjoch: hardly one who could see the Matterhorn with that shock of surprise and recognition, that entirely innocent eye.

JANET ADAM SMITH

RIMBAUD'S HELL

A Season in Hell. By ARTHUR RIMBAUD. Translated by NORMAN CAMERON. *Lehmann.* 15*s.*

Rimbaud's last work, written in 1873, when he was nineteen, is more than a piece of prose poetry; it is his literary testament, his apology and a contribution to the mythology of his time. His earlier works—from the poems written at school to *Les Illuminations*—his turbulent adolescence and the silence of his later life created a myth; in *A Season in Hell* he recapitulated his past, foretold his future and, as far as he could at that stage, interpreted the myth by relating his own dilemma to a more general one, both religious and social.

Paul Claudel has called Rimbaud *un mystique d l'état sauvage;* he and Isidore Ducasse, whose *Chants de Maldoror* are exactly contemporary with *A Season in Hell*, suffered the death agony of nineteenth-century individualism and revolt. Their defiance was so violent that it collapsed and broke: Rimbaud renounced literature, Ducasse—in *Poésies*, his last work—recanted and made his peace with orthodoxy. The paganism of Rimbaud and Ducasse was rooted in its opposite, Catholicism; their strength was derived from the angel with whom they wrestled. It made no difference whether they won or lost: the outcome was pre-determined. To beat their opponent was to lose their strength; their fate was to be rebels, not rulers.

Rimbaud's Hell, unlike that of Sartre's *Huis-Clos*, is a private one; but solitude is not the worst of its torments. Rather it is the agony of having succeeded so well that nothing remains to be done: "To whom should I hire myself? What animal must one worship? What holy image does one attack? What hearts shall I break? What lie must I maintain? In whose blood must I wade?" Maldoror found his animal; it was a female shark and he adored it, both religiously and profanely. Nietzsche's answer was that after destroying the idol one must destroy "the idolater within himself"; but Nietzsche, too, came to grief. The reason is that every iconoclast is sustained by love of the image which he destroys. Having destroyed it, he can only give himself up; but to whom? He himself has abolished the sole court of law which has the power to condemn him.

Rimbaud chose to flee from Europe, from himself and from his art, one of the instruments of his rebellion; he was still too proud to give in, wholly abjure paganism and write his *Sagesse*. Yet he knew only too well that he was beaten: "My day is done: I am leaving Europe. The sea air will scorch my lungs, the lost climes will tan my skin. I shall return with limbs of iron, dark skin and wild eyes." The prophecy was very nearly fulfilled; but Rimbaud did not live long enough to be fitted with the artificial leg of which his sister heard him speak in his last delirium. Africa was not the Eden which he had set out to find, but the Purgatory which he half desired; far from realising the pagan dream, he died a devout and repentant son of the Catholic Church.

As for Rimbaud's achievement as a poet, it was little short of miraculous; he himself summed it up in Section V of *A Season in Hell*. At the same time, he added to it by writing "the story of one of his follies" in the most lucid prose poetry he had yet written.

> I accustomed myself to simple hallucination. I really saw a mosque in place of a factory, angels practising on drums, coaches on roads across the sky, a drawing-room at the bottom of a lake: monsters, mysteries. The title of a musical comedy could raise up terrors before me.
>
> Then I explained my magical sophistries by the hallucination of words.

Rimbaud was an "alchemist of the word" and the inventor of "the colours of the vowels"; it is impossible, therefore, to render all the resonance of his prose in another language. The poetry of Mr. Cameron's version, inevitably, is not quite the same as that of the French text, which faces it: the English words are bound to call up different associations. In spite of this insuperable difficulty, Mr. Cameron has been most successful: he has preserved the tension and the wit of the original, due to Rimbaud's skilful juxtaposition of the trite and the unexpected (*Je brûle comme il faut*).

Mr. Keith Vaughan's eight lithographs, apart from their intrinsic merit, are true to the spirit of Rimbaud's work; unlike so many illustrations, they do not distract. Even those who can read Rimbaud's French with ease should be delighted with this new edition.

MICHAEL HAMBURGER

LOVABLE AND SAGACIOUS

Elephant Bill. By LT. COL. J. H. WILLIAMS *Hart-Davis.* 18*s.*

Hannibal took thirty-seven elephants with him across the Alps: how many of them survived we do not know. Colonel Williams, in April, 1944, took forty-five elephants over the Chin Hills from Upper Burma to Assam. All his elephants survived. The two feats are comparable, since Williams had no aids denied to Hannibal except a small compass, and the Burmese mountains were probably the more difficult to cross, lying fold upon fold across his line of march. He had to plunge with his elephants in and out of eight rivers gorges and climb as high as 5,000 feet through trackless jungle over the intervening saddles. His journey took twenty days. At one point he was faced by a precipice which he could only surmount by cutting a track three feet wide up the rock-face. There is a most remarkable illustration in his book of the leading elephant negotiating this track. It seems quite impossible that it can take another step without the pack catching against the wall of rock and sending the elephant and its rider headlong over the sheer drop on the other side. "I learned more in that day about what elephants could be got to do than I had in twenty-four years," writes Colonel Williams. It is not surprising, for this incident forms the high spot of a life and a book full of interest.

The purpose of this particular journey was to save a handful of the best timber-dragging elephants from the Japanese and put them to work in the forest of Assam. When the XIVth Army once more advanced into Burma, Williams went back with his elephants to build roads and bridges, and act as elephant and topographical adviser to the Army. This is the one period in his life which he does not seem to have enjoyed. "The more I saw of men during those last days at Tamu," he writes, "the better I liked my elephants." He was asked if he could lend an elephant to crank up a broken-down lorry, to spray tar with its trunk, to stamp down the loose earth on an air-strip with its feet. This section of the book still bears traces of his angry perplexity at the indignity of such suggestions. It becomes disjointed, scrappy and cross. He loses his calm and his gift for selection, and we are plagued with military detail.

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> It needs confidence to walk under an elephant's jaw and tusks, armed with a bellied knife with a ten-inch blade four inches across in one's left hand, and a six-pound wooden club in the right hand, and then to tell him to hold up his head while you drive the knife up to the hilt into a huge abscess on his chest with one blow of the mallet.

It does indeed. You cannot take many precautions against an elephant's sudden rage. You can only train them, nurse them and persuade them. You cannot push them around: you can only indicate by shouts and ear-tickling what you would prefer them to do next. You cannot even feed them: you must turn them loose in the jungle to forage for themselves. But Colonel Williams did more: he loved them. "The most lovable and sagacious of all beasts," he calls them in his *tale*. His love is no more eccentric than the love of a motor-racing driver for his car, as the instrument of his triumph or his own destruction. Colonel Williams triumphed. He became the most famous of the elephant officers in Burma. "Sabu" he was called by the armies when they entered his territory, and when the name seemed too ludicrously inappropriate to a stern, pipe-smoking European in drill shirt and shorts, it was changed to "Elephant Bill," a name which seems to have pleased him, as he has used it as the title of his book.

Now he has achieved another triumph, which must have seemed remote indeed when he lay in the deep teak-forests crippled by malaria, watching the heavy gestures of the beasts around him. Here is a man who has worked in danger and isolation all his life, and has now, in his retirement, found within himself the power to describe it modestly, vividly and with great charm.

NIGEL NICOLSON

SALVATION THROUGH WORKS

The Proper Study of Mankind. By STUART CHASE. *Phoenix House.* 16*s.*

In one of his *Fantastic Fables* Ambrose Bierce tells how a member of the Salvation Army said to a Most Wicked Sinner "I was once a drunkard, a thief, an assassin. The Divine Grace has made me what I am." The Most Wicked Sinner looked at him from head to foot. "Henceforth," he said, "the Divine Grace, I fancy, will let well alone."

Mr. Chase's private life has been, I am sure, completely unblemished, but he has followed a number of strange paths in his search for salvation for himself and the world—semantics, Left-wing liberalism (in the peculiarly American sense of that word), a sort of technocracy, a fight against the false claims of advertising, and a number of other odd ventures; and now—or rather in 1948, when this book was written; he may well have changed his mind since—he has found the key to the salvation of the world in applied social science. With all the zeal of the convert, and with the skilled technique of the experienced publicist he sets out to share his new faith with the world, or as much of it as can be induced to read a short book written in a style which is as easy to read and as glibly informative as a science article in the *Reader's Digest*. And in the manner of such articles, the book makes over-sweeping claims, has a low level of accuracy, and in the few places where it does not ignore theory, badly mangles it.

To me this book poses a considerable dilemma, for I am not the Most Wicked Sinner of Bierce's fable, but a somewhat stricter and more orthodox member of the Church of which Mr. Chase is a neophyte. There is hardly a page of the book in which I do not find something to cavil at, either for what it says or for what it omits, and I could never recommend it to a serious student of social science. At the same time I am in almost complete agreement with its general thesis that only through the advance of social science can we hope to avert the disasters with which the disproportionate development of our physical science threatens us, and that it is highly desirable that as many people as possible—and above all those who dispose of research funds—should be aware of the recent advances that have been made in this field.

Mr. Chase surveys briefly and digests readably a few of the major researches performed in the North Western United States in the last decade, notably the work of Lloyd Warner and his associates in Yankee City, of Alexander Leighton and his associates at Boston (*The Governing of Men*), of G. P. Murdock and his associates at Yale (the Cross-Cultural Index) of George Gallup and Elmo Roper and their associates in New York, and the battery of tests used for selecting pilot candidates for the U.S. air force. Since this work is practically unknown in this country, except to specialists, it is useful to have an account of it more generally available.

Mr. Chase is extremely provincial (an amusing example of this occurs on p. 259 which lists a projected group of "area studies" which includes the whole world except the U.S.A.) and appears completely unaware of the parallel work which has been or is being done outside his native land. The War Officer Selection Boards, and above all the Civil Resettlement Units (for readapting returned prisoners of war) developed in this country are, to my mind, more impressive examples of applied social science than anything done in the United States. For the English reader this book constitutes a survey of some recent American work exclusively, despite Mr. Chase's absurd claim for universality; and it is to be regretted that the publishers have not been content to present it as such. A half-hearted and rather unconvincing attempt has been made to anglicise the text, chiefly by changing a few place names, and translating dollars into pounds (at $4 to the £1), so that one gets such hybrid sentences as: "Aptitude testing for wage earners is well developed, but for the £3,000-a-year-and-up executive, appearance, intuition, the right prep. school are still the chief criteria." The publishers have also appended a reading list which, avoids nearly every book discussed in the text and is of doubtful usefulness to anyone. Dr. Julian Huxley provides a blurb and, this shows both the utility and the danger of the book: the utility of introducing social science to specialists of the more established branches of science, the danger that they will accept Mr. Chase's excessive claims uncritically.

GEOFFREY GORER

NEW NOVELS

Nothing. By HENRY GREEN. *Hogarth Press.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

The World My Wilderness. By ROSE MACAULAY. *Collins.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Technical brilliance has always characterised the work of Henry Green. When still a very young man, he wrote a novel called *Blindness*. Nobody would claim that this was an entirely successful creation, but it certainly showed a precocious technique. Later novels by Mr. Green have revealed an increasing technical mastery. He has turned out expressive prose in a number of different manners—early Joyce, late James, Romantic pastiche and so on. Only very occasionally did his technical accomplishments defeat their own ends—when one or other of the self-conscious styles that he had invented toppled over into mannerism. His queer habit of verbal inversions, for instance, never seemed an outward reflection of anything he wanted to express, nor an integral part of his prose. Like the redundant arabesques they mostly are, these merely caught the eye and bothered it. They made one suspect—probably wrongly—that the author set down his narrative in a straightforward fashion, then afterwards reshuffled the words, teased and tickled the surface to give added interest and texture. *Nothing*, Mr. Green's latest book is, (except for *Blindness*) his least mannered. All the same it is unmistakeably in line with his earlier work, except that it is less encrusted with ornament. Mr. Green's greatest admirers point with rapture to his virtuoso descriptive passages, but for my taste these are too ornate—one hesitates to say Sitwellian—overworked excrescences that over-decorate his pages. *Loving* was a *tour de force* in spite of, not because of them. *Nothing* is burdened with far less. Likewise the horrid (half comic) touches we have come to expect in all of Mr. Green's writing. This time there are only two. Arthur Morris has a "small

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THE SPRING NUMBER (published May 18) includes articles by C. Day Lewis on *Broadcasting and Poetry*: R. W. Moore on *Television — a Cautionary Approach*: Bernard B. Smith on *American Television and Education*: Duncan Ross on *The Documentary in Television*: P. Beishuizen on *The 'Pillar' System of Dutch Radio*: Sir Steuart Wilson on *Twenty Years of a Symphony Orchestra*: Peter Laslett on *Broadcasting and The Universities* and by K. R. Sturley on *The B.B.C. Engineering Training Department*.

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THE SALVATION NAVY—

an association of floating voters—is an idea which will be found on page 43 of the May issue of *M P*. The article on *Crime and Punishment* by C.T.C., also in the May issue, suggests in detail an entirely new theory of reformative treatment for criminals. Our claim that *M P* is *FIRST WITH THE TRUTH* is not altogether mendacious. *M P* is a new, intelligent, good-humoured and original commentary on Parliament and the Press. It is an open door which blows away some of the stale air in the crowded theatre of politics. Of course, there are people who dislike draughts. If you are fairly fit, however, make it your business to keep the door open.

Publication is on the 20th of the month, and supplies are available at most bookstalls.

Copies of the first issue of *M P* (April) and the May issue are available from the publishers, price 1/1 per copy, including postage. A subscription for 12 issues costs 13/-, including postage.

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puncture in the ball of the foot. But they've had to take the big toe off and now he's dangerously ill . . . they may even have to amputate the ankle." And indeed they do. Mr. Green's good people giggle (" don't make out they kiss on top of the cradle they'll have to put over his stump ") as poor Arthur Morris's leg gets shorter and shorter. The bits are torn off as if he were a ghoulish human calendar. Finally, he dies. Elsewhere we have William Smith, " a soak . . . so much so that his wife had to leave him . . . Myra couldn't face pouring the whisky down his throat when he lost his arms."

The neat, symmetrical plot of *Nothing* is dominated by Mrs. Weatherby, a creamy middle-aged beauty in the grand manner, who is one of the author's most successful creations. Indeed so greatly does he admire her, he cannot keep the word " great " from his lips whenever she appears—" her great smile," " two great tears," " three great furnaces quiescent in her lovely head," " like a great peacock after a dustbath." In fact, she is *intriguante* and unscrupulous, a Knightsbridge Marquise de Merteuil determined to sabotage the marriage of her son to the daughter of an old beau, Mr. Pomfret, she herself intends to marry. This is a very Edwardian book in its morality and atmosphere, so, like any Elinor Glyn heroine, she succeeds. And as in all Edwardian books there are no loose ends—within so well-ordered a social framework one is not messy. Mrs. Weatherby's *cicisbeo* solaces himself with Mr. Pomfret's mistress. Only the silly earnest young are discomfited.

The author has described *Nothing* as a comedy of manners and thanks to a superb social sense—for this the *sine qua non*—this is exactly what he has succeeded in giving us. Writers to-day seldom develop a sense of their own milieu. Perhaps that is why they tackle other strata both above and below so recklessly. Mr. Green on the other hand seems perfectly happy on a number of different levels. Specifically, he is one of the few English novelists who can describe the well-born without being either snobbish, ridiculous or vulgar. Not for him the joke Marquis or the dainty lady. Nor does he in any way resemble Miss Mitford—the Emily Post of our day—lecturing us on the words we must not use, exposing with a wealth of cosiness and condescension life behind the Park Gates. No, Mr. Green takes the background of his characters for granted, and so do we without having to be told about it. He concentrates for the most part on his people and their relationships with one another—the right method for a comedy of manners and one incidentally that underlines all the inherent theatricality. Here we have a true boulevard piece. The plot is rigidly contrived. The settings are economical, a Ritz-like hotel and various drawing rooms ; while the dialogue catches with great wit the idiotic nature of other people's conversation : " Really John . . . when you're in love you can't make plans about one's plans."

Fresh as smilax before a party, light as the chandelier above, *Nothing* is, as its title suggests, a book of no weight or importance. How different is Miss Macaulay's new novel—*The World My Wilderness*—her first for ten years. Miss Macaulay starts with an original and interesting idea : that the *maquis* is a state of mind which continues to exist although the war may be over : that the Resistance movement is carried on to this day by spivs and deserters—all the war's anarchic flotsam—in their fight against authority. To become conventional is to fraternise :

> I shall collaborate (says one of Miss Macaulay's young characters), that is to say I shall observe the laws, go daily to school, obey my uncle and aunt, attend mass on Sundays, keep out of the way of the police . . .

But Miss Macaulay wraps up this promising theme in an inadequate novelette. Barbary, elfin of the *maquis*—" childish for her age, small, with bare brown legs, a short print frock, draggled and wet, a prawning net . . . slanting, secret grey eyes that looked aside . . . a watchful little animal . . . " lives at Collioure with her English mother, Helen, widow of an easy-going collaborator whom the Resistance have liquidated. Mama, who stands for all the abandon in her daughter's life, is the sort of over life-size character I find it difficult to credit. Nothing that she says or does persuades me that she is really such a Juno, such a tigress, a great classical scholar, a formidable gambler, as well as being " a true lady, being an Honourable and all that " and a descendant of Charles James Fox. Convention is represented by Barbary's father, Helen's first husband who lives in London. This distinguished K.C. sends for his daughter to stay with him and " the handsome golfing girl " who is his second wife. Miss Macaulay's story concerns the vicissitudes of poor Barbary, condemned to live away from the Resistance movement which she and her friends have continued to carry on. Only the ruins of London's City with its infinite hiding places under the fireweed and its population of outcasts offer any consolation. Here, where law and morality count for nothing, Barbary leads her own brand of *la vie existentialiste* until finally the police put an end to it. But law and order ultimately lose, as one would expect, in a book by Miss Macaulay. The girl's mother fetches her back to Paris to go on with her painting. Miss Macaulay comes to no real conclusion, but one feels certain that this alley-cat will find contentment and success on the Boulevard Saint Germain.

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ROCKING HORSE WINNER

Tell Me The Next One. By JOHN GODLEY. *Gollancz.* 6*s.*

Dreaming of Derby winners is a popular nocturnal habit at the right season of the year. Sometimes the dreams come true. It would be very odd indeed, if they did not, considering that thousands of dreamers have to concentrate their prophetic powers on some thirty horses. Ever since 1927, when *An Experiment with Time* backed prophetic dreams with a scientific theory, dreamers have punted with more confidence but no greater success ; they still can't persuade the Derby favourite to share their belief in Mr. Dunne.

What, then, is one to make of Mr. John Godley, who claims that he has dreamed seven times about racehorses, backed ten of his dream-horses and made an immediate net profit of £126 14*s* 7*d* ? At least he can safely dream of a considerable further profit from the sale of this provocative book. Precognition is in vogue : and those who don't believe in it will be as eager as those who do to study Mr. Godley's contribution to the vexed question.

There is no reason to doubt the author's *bona fides ;* and I shall base my comments on complete acceptance of his version of the facts, which unfortunately there is only space to summarise. In four dreams Mr. Godley had a pre-view of six horses winning races. These horses' names were familiar to him when he awoke, and he backed them at the first possible opportunity, that is either the same day, or, in one case, the next day. Four of those horses won ; the other two lost. Three other nights he dreamed of horses winning, but in these cases a similar straightforward procedure was not possible, as either the horses did not exist under their dream-names, or he had only had a vision of the winning jockey and the owner's colours. So he interpreted the dreams by the light of reason. He dreamed *Tubermore*, and he backed *Tuberose* the next day and *Tubbermore* a week or so later. Tuberose won : Tubbermore did not. *Monumentor* he changed into *Mentores*, *The Bogie* into *The Brogue*, the glimpse of Edgar Britt riding a winner for the Gaekwar of Baroda into *Baroda Squadron* : on all these three he won.

It seems hardly necessary to point out that in oneiromancy interpreted dreams stand on quite a different footing from explicit ones. The profitable result of this second batch of dreams must really be credited more to Mr. Godley's applied intelligence than to a gift of foresight when asleep. As for the four explicit dreams, why drag in the Serial Universe to account for backing four winners and two losers on a racecourse ? Many a man has done that without the aid of precognition and not felt tempted to write a book about it.

Mr. Godley constantly refers to *An Experiment with Time* and he carefully refrains from actually claiming any supernatural power for himself. Like our talented friends the Piddingtons, he artfully suggests that the public should do that for him. Watch my performance, he says, and think up an alternative explanation—if you can. " Who can say how much the subconscious knows ? " Well, even Freud did not find the complete answer to that one—but *The Interpretation of Dreams* makes a pretty good estimate. Your subconscious knows what you want and does its best in dreams to provide it. Mr. Godley wanted to back winners next day, and overnight his subconscious tried to assist him in its simple way—and did not do so badly !

But it is absurd to exaggerate the prognostication of Mr. Godley's subconscious. The author has not served a term as racing journalist on *The Daily Mirror* for nothing. By what must be called a strange feat of mathematics, he has made a hypothetical calculation of the odds against his dreams coming true and reaches the astronomical odds of 730,406,249 to 1. This figure is printed in bold, appealing type on the dustcover. The actual amount Mr. Godley staked was £59 10*s*. 0*d*. ; and he won £126 14*s*. 7*d*. He would have done twice as well for himself had he simply backed on Palestine in the Guineas.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

Both Sides of the Road. A Book about Farming. By SIDNEY ROGERSON and CHARLES TUNNICLIFFE. *Collins.* 21*s.*

It is both a pleasure and a relief to read a layman's guide to farming which is as informed and as thoughtful, as lucid and as convincing, as *Both Sides of the Road*. In appearance and style it is deceptively simple. But in content and argument it is both adult and robust and it describes and discusses attractively and coherently the realities and routine of our farmland. Soils and systems, crops and stock, machines and men all pass in review and there are constant and valuable asides on hedges, fertilisers, machine-milking, " picturesque " cottages and similar rural matters on which the average townsman is so often and so pathetically misled. For to Mr. Rogerson the things of the countryside are primarily the tools of a

trade, the equipment of a vast series of rural workshops directed and operated by men who for efficiency and versatility of cultivation need acknowledge no superiors. Neither does he forget the men behind the agricultural lines, the drainer, the chemist, the plant-breeder and the engineer who now provide the farmer with so many of the tools with which he does his job; his chapter on grain, for instance, is particularly recommenced to those who see "only corn" in a field. There is, as this book makes clear, plenty of romance in the countryside, but it is the true romance which comes as a by-product from hard and skilful work, from the pride and purpose which once created and now maintains our farming system, not that shoddy and spurious emotion which is too frequently imported ready-made from the towns and exported back there in those soulful books which to-day infest our libraries. Mr. Tunnicliffe's numerous illustrations add both delight and information to the book and his twenty-odd colour plates are magnificent. But should not the "modern cow stalls" on page 133 be provided with a dung-channel?

Men and Herring. By NAOMI MITCHISON and DENIS MACINTOSH. *Serif Books.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The Member for East Aberdeenshire observed sadly in the House of Commons the other day that, as a result of the much-publicised and short-lived speculative boom in prices which followed de-control, the public had got a "scunner" against fish. But the fishermen need not fear loss of popularity: theirs is a tough and not excessively remunerative job. In this well-observed, colloquial documentary of a week in the life of a crew of ring-net fishermen out after Loch Fyne herring, Mrs. Mitchison and her fisherman collaborator give an excellent picture of the daily problems of inshore fishing in the Firth of Clyde. It is at best a chancy business. After hours of "feeling" with a 40-fathom wire, a big shoal of herring may be struck and, if the net is not caught and torn on rocks or burst by a too heavy shot of fish, several hundred baskets of "freshings" may be sold at 12*s.* or more a basket. But a net torn, or fouled by the propeller of another boat, may easily cost £30 to make good; and heavy landings will quickly cause the price per basket to fall towards the 8*s* 9*d.* commonly paid for fish whose destiny is to be turned into oil and meal. What with "baskets off"—an illegal concealed discount often exacted and pocketed by the buyer—and the heavy cost of running and maintaining a 50 ft. boat whose capital cost to-day is £5,000," a week's "share" may be as low as £2 a man; and good weeks, when each of the crew takes home perhaps £20, must be set against empty weeks when the weather is too bad for fishing or the herring are not there. As for the men themselves, the chief impressions which emerge from this documentary are the consumption of endless cups of tea against the "terrible drouth" caused by eating salt herring, an inexhaustible flow of reminiscences ("D'ye mind yon time?") and a great fund of kindly good humour, mixed with explosive Gaelic curses over mishaps, in the changes and chances of weather and sea.

Modern Trends in Education. By M. L. JACKS. *Andrew Melrose.* 15*s.*

The Act of 1944 has produced a number of books explaining its complexities and consequences to the perplexed parent. Mr. Jacks, although writing for the same audience, is more concerned with building up an "enlightened" public opinion. He looks to the parents as the best ally of the educationist against bureaucratic control and administrative soullessness. Mr. Jacks analyses the expansion and extension of the educational field; Egalitarianism; the Educational Machine; Humanism (the child as centre); the claims of society, and finally the issue of Freedom and Control. Some of it is rather heavy going; his old pupils at Mill Hill will take it in their stride, but there is a good deal of home work ahead for the C stream. The effort of addressing so wide an audience seems also to have led to a rather generous use of clichés and one meets, with the shock of the expected, the Clough quatrain, which Mr. Churchill unfortunately could not copyright. In spite of any superficial blemishes, however, this is a valuable and clear statement of the Christian-Humanist-Liberal tradition set in its contemporary context. According to the current fashion the planners take some knocks. To Mr. Jacks, indeed, the very need for planning is "a symptom of anarchy." What is required is "an increase in culture . . . an inward condition of the mind and spirit." The harassed administrator of a large authority may wonder with envy how Mr. Jacks ran a public school without a plan. The unrepentant Socialist may retort, when told that planning is dangerous: "dangerous for whom?" Both will be impressed by the sweetness and light, which Mr. Jacks engenders in discussing this and other current educational controversies.

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,057

Set by R. K. Buchanan

The usual prizes are offered for 200 words to be broadcast in appeal for This Week's Doubtful Cause by any public character, living or dead. Competitors are reminded that there is a law of libel. Entries by May 30th.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1054

Set by Gerald Giradot

Correspondents in *The Times* have lately been exercising their ingenuity in inventing appropriate names for the site of the 1951 Exhibition. Competitors are invited to comment on the discussion in a six-line epigram in rhyming verse.

Report by Gerald Giradot

South Bank by general consensus it remains. But I was glad to notice the G.B.S.'s ignobly utilitarian reason for preferring it—the saving of man-hours—excited a good deal of ridicule, though no complete entries were as successful as Allan M. Laing's. Anything more flowery, as competitors pointed out with varying degrees of neatness, the taxi-drivers could be counted upon sooner or later to reduce to something a good deal less dignified. From a large and amusing entry I have selected seventeen; prize winners are asterisked; to whom one guinea each.

A new name for the old South Bank?
A lowly name, or one of rank?
Facetious? Playful? Dignified?
With overtones of time, or tide?
It doesn't matter! I and you
Will go, no doubt, to Waterloo. S. W. H.

To all your cleverness we're tired of listening,
You pedants who have craved God-fatherhood,
So stow it! Stuff those names, bad, weak, or good,
Back in your dusty pigeon-holes and shelves!
You've made an Exhibition of yourselves:
Banks of Riparian Years are not for christening.
L. E. J.

*Dismissing long names without bonhomie,
Shaw calls for shortness and economy:
"South Bank," he says (Charles' head's here hinted)
"Will save us millions when it's printed";
But on this principle, why not
Just use an X to mark the spot? ALLAN M. LAING

*When William Shakespeare framed the Globe within his wooden O,
(A Rose by any other name) the South Bank stole the show.
The age that built the Odeon craves Coney Island joys
To frame the wonders of our world, the work of backroom boys.
Upon this bank and shoal of time an overstatement's chancy.
Remember Ozymandias: don't label it too fancy.
ISABEL FIDLAYSON

*How I'd love to see them
Thinking up these names
At the Athenaeum,
Boodles, or St. James.
Never mausoleum
Had such fun and games.
JOYCE JOHNSON

*New Cell., the In-and-Out, the Rag, The Blues
Have one name in reserve and one to use.
For Sunday best I don't object at all
To Lambeth Hoe, Pepys Reach or Watling Wall,
Shakespeare Embankment, even Shot Tower Walk—
But keep South Bank for ordinary talk.
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Is the BANK of the Thames an Embankment, or
gardens, or Commonwealth Quay?
Or a Walk, or a Reach, or a Hoe, or a Drive, Side or
Strand? And shall we
Call the SOUTH of the river the East? Or the
Surrey, or Lambeth, or Pepys?
Or Elizabeth, Mermaid or Cuper's? *Times'* columns
regurgitate heaps
Of such names. Yet opinion it's clear, backed by
Shaw's saving space, will but thank
The proposers and stick with the true Cockney fealty
to factual SOUTH BANK. J. F. P.

You may think up a hundred such names
Every one with some sort of a claim for it,
And the critics will veto each one
As too precious, too low, or too tame for it.
Do not worry! The Cockneys, you'll find,
Like the Greeks, will soon have a name for it.
GOODWILL

They urge a plethora of names, these writers to
The Times,
Names beautiful, names ludicrous, and names like
Nursery Rhymes;
Suggestions from the Classics, from the Bard, from
Holy Writ,
And as for the Thesaurus—they have simply ransacked
it.
A needless task, we hold it, from their lists a name to
pick,
For the name the taxi-driver gives will be the name to
stick. ROBERT GAFFIKIN

For fifty years, in Century Five, strove Orthodox with
Arian:
And, bandied words and names about, as in this strife
Riparian.
Will folk of Century Twenty-one, being weary of it all,
Whether Reds, or Blues, or North, or South, agree at
last to call
"Shakespeare's Shore," "Archbishop's Reach," or
"Boulevard Arthur Rank."
Just simply by the 'point of view': "this side," or
"t'other bank?" BARBARIAN

The Times and all its bourgeois readers,
Correspondents and fourth leaders
May stake their claims—but hell to them!
This is a job for Nye and Clem
And Herb and Mrs. Barry's Gerald,
The *Tribune* and the *Daily Herald*.
LAKON

Why not call it the Royal Reach?
Or else commemorate the band
Who by their efforts and their speech
The Festival of Britain planned
The Bevin (or the Bevan) Beach,
The Shinwell Shore, the Strachey Strand.
N. S. PERCIVAL

This Festival of Britain site
Has a dim air of melancholy,
But, since we want to fly a kite,
We must make tourists think it jolly.
A name time-honoured, cheerful, bright
Is needed—why not HERBERT'S POLLY?
PITHECUS

*A single principle applies when you are naming
A baby or a festival site:
In the gestatory months you'll find you're aiming
At something awfully bright;
But when the infant has arrived or the festival or
whatever it may be,
You'll call it the South Bank if it's a festival—and
George if it's a baby. EDWARD BLISHEN

The *High* Street (Marylebone) is clearly not.
And *Middle* Temple is but one of two.
The East and West ends are the ends of what?
And Berkeley Square—does it look *Square* to *you*?
Pitman! Fresh names all round! from Pole to—
Pooh!—
From *Perry End* down to *Point Captain-Scott*.
J. H. R.

*Enlarging on their choices, A.P.H. & G.B.S.,
Began a little argument in friendly playfulness.
"Elizabeth Embankment" and the shorter "Lambeth
Reach"
Weren't theirs, though Shaw might favour "Beth"
as being short for each.
Their wordy warfare might perhaps suggest two
choices more—
"The Banks of Alan Water" and the shorter
"Bernard Shore." DONALD HUGHES

(*Dedicated to Mr. Herbert Morrison*)
Since London's southern latitudes
Provoke so many platitudes,
The only way's to name the site by vote:
And I would advocate, for one,
Another loan from Washington,
And call it "MORRISANIA" (end of quote).
(Note: Morrisania is just across from Washington,
D.C., on that river which most Englishmen call
"Pottomac.") GUY INNES

CHESS: Never Say Die

No. 37

What is so comforting about Chess is its inherent reciprocity—or to put it more plainly; one man's meat is another man's poison. When considering some subjects recently ventilated in this column, it is, indeed, a comforting thought that, whenever a player dawdles over the kill, or otherwise misses his opportunities, there is always the other fellow to profit from such a lapse. A good enough reason to fight on so long as some "fight" is left in the position. This does not mean just waiting for a blunder on the other side. Of course, one must be on the alert for such a windfall whenever it happens to be presented, either openly on a silver platter or hidden under far from transparent foliage. Yet, it need not be a blunder at all, it may well be one of those hidden resources often inherent in a position.

In his excellent monthly *Deutsche Schachblätter*, Kurt Richter reports a personal experience of that kind. In some Berlin match-game (1946) Richter, playing White, was about to resign, when he thought of this saving grace:

(1) P-R5! K-R5
(2) K-B4 K x P
(3) K-B3 P-R5
(4) P-Kt3!

Luckily Richter had yet another move in reserve. Otherwise he would have had to give up the opposition as well as the game.

(4) . . . K-R7 (6) P-Kt4! K-R8
(5) K-B2 P-R6 (7) K-B1 K-R7 etc.

I wonder if Richter's escape was facilitated by a timely memory of this very similar position (Riemann-Czach) which occurred in the Berlin-Leipzig Match, 1946. The game continued:

(1) . . . K x P
(2) K-B4 K-R6
(3) K-B3 P-R5
(4) P-R3! K-R7
(5) K-B2 P-R6
(6) P-R4! P-R3
(7) P-R5 etc.

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An inveterate saviour of seemingly lost causes has been (and still is) that ever young octogenarian J. Mieses.

Forty-five years ago in the London Tournament, playing Black against Leonhard, he was saddled with this miserable position. Nothing daunted he played B-B4. White grabbed the Rook and Mieses continued B x P ch. Leonhard bagged the Bishop too (finding out in the post-mortem only, that K-Kt2 would have won him the game). As it was, Mieses played Q-Kt6!! Some nerve to make so "quiet" a move when two Rooks down! Yet it was effective enough as Leonhard could now no longer avoid perpetual check.

This week's competition is also devoted to the theme of narrow escapes. A (rating 4 points under the new system) is a study by F. Amelung (*Schach Echo* 1947). White to move and draw.

B occurred in the game Soblevich-Ellen, Paris 1935. Actually White (on the move) did win it. But Black ought to have secured a draw. How? (6 points for a completely correct analysis.)

REPORT ON COMPETITION

(Set April 29)

A: (1) R-K1ch, R-Kt8. (2) R-QB1, RxRch. (3) KxR, P-R4. (4) PxP etc.

B: (1) R-KR1, RPxP. (2) Kt-K6, KxKt. (3) R-R7 and mates next move If (1) . . . . BPxP. (2) RxP, P-B3. (3) R-R6 etc. If (1) . . . . P-R6ch (2) RxP, PxP. (3) R-R3, etc.

C: (1) K-B7, P-Q4. (2) K-Kt6, P-Q5. (3) K-B7, P-Q4. (4) K-Kt6, etc.

Well, we're off for the "100 up" with a field larger than that of any Grand National. (But, then, we have far more hurdles, to say nothing of traps and ditches.) Competitors include Hedley Shirley, aged 10, and at least two or three octogenarians; there are entries from vicarages, hospitals, dairy-farms, and University-Colleges; many entries came from Scotland, some from Eire, others were airmailed from France and Germany, from Holland and Sweden. There are some lady competitors too, including Eileen Tranmer, their champion. There are most of the old stalwarts and quite a few newcomers, including some of the best players in the country.

Fifty-two competitors, each with the maximum of 15 points are leading the field neck-to-neck, (or should I say "brow-to-brow"?). No one—the Stamma study having been all too easy—has less than 4 points. Some have only dropped a point or two of the maximum, having muffed just one or two variations in an otherwise correct solution. A frequent mistake in one of Richter's variations was Kt-Q7 or Kt-Kt6 (allowing a stalemate!) in lieu of the correct Kt-K6. Scores of competitors were completely stumped by B, and many have upbraided me for assessing this as easier than C. In the face of so articulate a majority I cannot but plead guilty and abjectly apologise. Average opinion seems well expressed by F. B. Hancock who spent 10 minutes on A, 5 minutes on C and two hours on B. Some spent only a minute on A, and two complete week-ends on B, braving the wrath and anguish of their families. Hancock shares this week's prizes with F. Jaeck, Gerd Jentzsch, Fritjof Selander, G. Watson, and J. Anderson Stewart who, like his fellow-victors, scores for flawless analysis and/or witty comment rather than the submission of additional material. This is no longer a criterion for awarding prizes, the less so as, if and when the material is used, it shall be duly praised and rewarded anyway.

ASSIAC

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MINISTRY of Education—H.M. Inspectors. Applications are invited from men and women for posts as H.M. Inspector. Candidates who should preferably be under 50 on December 31, 1950, should normally possess good educational qualifications and experience in Adult Education. Applications will be specially welcomed from candidates who have qualifications in Economics, Philosophy and Psychology. The posts, which are permanent and pensionable, carry a salary scale for the London area of: £900 × £30—£1,050 × £35—£1,225 × £50—£1,370 (man); £800 × £30—£1,100 × £35—£1,200 (woman). The salaries of Inspectors working outside the London area are less by £40 at each point of the scale. In special cases successful candidates may be appointed at a commencing salary above the minimum. Further particulars, together with the application form, may be obtained on application in writing to the Secretary (Inspectors' Section), Ministry of Education, Curzon Street House, Curzon St., London, W.1. Closing date for applics. will be July 31, 1950.

GOVERNMENT of Northern Ireland, Civil Service Commission. Appointment of Chief Welfare Officer. Applications are invited for the permanent and pensionable post of Chief Welfare Officer (male) in the Ministry of Health and Local Government for Northern Ireland. The duties will include advising the Ministry on all matters of social welfare, with particular reference to the Welfare Services Act (Northern Ireland), 1949; advising the Statutory Welfare Authorities, and assisting Voluntary Bodies. Candidates must be British subjects, normally resident in the United Kingdom; they must have had first-hand experience of practical social welfare work extending over at least five years, with special knowledge of either the aged or the handicapped. Academic qualifications would be an advantage. The salary scale is £850 × £30 to £1,000 per annum. Preference will be given to suitably qualified candidates who served with H.M. Forces during war-time provided that the Commissioners are satisfied that such candidates can, or within a reasonable time will be able to, discharge the duties efficiently. Application forms may be obtained from the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Stormont, Belfast, to whom they must be returned, with copies of two recent testimonials, so as to arrive by June 2, 1950.

AUCKLAND University College, New Zealand. Applications are invited for a Lectureship in Classics. Salary £660 per annum, rising to £760 per annum by annual increments of £50 (all amounts in New Zealand currency). Allowance is made for travelling expenses. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Sq., London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications is July 31, 1950.

THE University of Leeds. Department of Social Studies. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Tutor in Practical Social Work on the salary scale £450—£25—£500 with effect from October 1, 1950. Applications should reach the Registrar, The University, Leeds, 2 (from whom further particulars may be obtained) not later than June 1.

THE Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for the following permanent appointments in the Royal Naval Scientific Service. Post (A): One Principal Scientific Officer. Candidates must have a 1st or 2nd Class Honours degree in engineering or an equivalent qualification. They must have design experience, especially on small mechanisms and some electrical experience is also desirable. Post (B): One Senior Scientific Officer or Principal Scientific Officer. Candidates must have a 1st or 2nd Class Honours degree in physics or engineering or an equivalent qualification. They must have considerable research experience and some knowledge of chemistry. Experience in electrical storage battery development is essential. Candidates who possess high professional attainments may be admitted. All candidates must have been born on or before August 1, 1919. Inclusive London salary scales (men): Principal Scientific Officer £950—£1,250. Senior Scientific Officer £700—£900. Exceptionally a starting salary above the minimum of the scale may be granted according to qualifications and experience. Rates for women and for posts outside London somewhat lower. Posts carry benefits under Federated Superannuation System for Universities. Further particulars and forms of application from the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, 7th Floor, Trinidad House, Old Burlington Street, London, W.1, quoting No. 3082. Completed application forms must be returned by May 31, 1950.

INCORPORATED Cambridge University Settlement. Applications are invited for the dual post of Head and Warden of the Community Centre, vacant on July 1, 1950. Applicants must be male graduates of a British University and a clerical or lay member of the Church of England. Administrative experience, interest in adult education and ability to work with other voluntary and statutory organisations are desirable. Married man is preferred: children are no disadvantage. Age preferably 35-45. Salary £400—£25—£600, the successful candidate to begin at a point on the scale to be assessed according to qualifications. Emoluments (estimated to be worth £400 a year) include an unfurnished flat and board for Head and wife. Partics. and applic. forms, to be returned by June 1, from Hon. Secretary, Cambridge House, 131 Camberwell Rd. London, S.E.5.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

HIS Majesty's Colonial Service, Gold Coast. The following vacancies exist in the Statistical Branch of the Secretariat in the Gold Coast: (i) Statistical Officer, responsible for the planning and analysis of statistics. The appointment is on contract, on a salary scale of £660-£1,300. Age limit 45. Candidates should possess a First or Second Class Honours Degree (or equivalent qualification) in Statistics, Mathematics, Economics or other appropriate main subject combined with Statistics. (ii) Supervisor, Calculating Pool, responsible for the organisation of computing work and the training of staff. The appointment is on contract, on a salary scale of £660-£970. Age limit 45. Candidates should have had wide experience in advanced computing work. In both cases a gratuity is payable on satisfactory completion of contract. Further particulars of both these appointments, together with application forms, can be obtained by writing to the Director of Recruitment (Colonial Service), Colonial Office, Sanctuary Buildings, Great Smith Street, London, S.W.1. Closing date for completed applic. forms is May 30, 1950.

MINISTRY of Supply require Specialist Editors in the Air Technical Publications Branch in Surrey. Duties involve collecting information from research and design establishments and preparing official textbooks for the instruction of Service personnel. Candidates must be British with British parentage, have an honours degree in mathematics and/or physics, or in mechanical engineering, and possess good instructional ability in scientific and technical subjects. Some knowledge of Service life and organisation, in either armament or training fields desirable. Salary range up to £720 per annum, depending on age, qualifications and experience. Appointments will be unestablished, but opportunities to compete for establishment occur periodically. Higher posts are filled by promotion. Write for application forms obtainable from the Ministry of Labour and National Service Technical and Scientific Register, (K), York House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2, quoting A 131/50. Closing date May 31, 1950.

GLASGOW University Extra-Mural Committee. Applications invited for post of full-time staff-tutor. Candidates should possess good academic qualifications in Economics and Political Theory. Salary range £450 to £775—commencing salary according to qualifications and experience. Appointment will date from October 1, 1950. Further particulars from Director of Extra-Mural Studies, 3 University Gardens, Glasgow, W.2, to whom six copies of application should be sent, including names of three referees, not later than June 10.

UNIVERSITY College of Swansea. Applications are invited for the following posts: (i) Senior Research Assistantships in Social Studies at a salary of £450 per annum. The appointments will be for two years with the possibility of renewal. (ii) Junior Research Assistantships in Social Studies at a salary of £250 per annum. The appointments will be for one year with the possibility of renewal. Applicants should be graduates in History or Economics or Sociology or Political Science or Philosophy or Psychology. Further particulars may be obtained from the Registrar, University College, Singleton Park, Swansea, by whom applications must be received not later than June 17, 1950.

ROYAL Navy. Short Service Commissions in the Instructor Branch. Applications are invited from University Graduates and qualified teachers under 26 years of age for Short Service Commissions of 3, 4 or 5 years in the Instructor Branch, Royal Navy. Requirements are mainly for Officers with qualifications in Mathematics, Science (Physics, Chemistry, Metallurgy) or Engineering, but a few vacancies exist for Officers with degrees in English, History, Geography or Economics with a sound Mathematics or Science background. Opportunities will be afforded for Officers, after two years' service, to be selected for permanent commissions. A short service engagement in the Instructor Branch will discharge any candidate's obligation under the National Service Acts. 2. Entry will be in two grades. Selected candidates with 1st or 2nd Class Honours Degrees receive approximately £328 in their first year's service, £347 in second year, £438 in third and fourth years, £474 in fifth year. Other candidates receive £237 in first year, £310 in second and third years, £347 in fourth and fifth years. Previous officer service in the recent war will be recognised for adjustment of seniority and rate of pay on entry. Accommodation and rations are provided or allowances in lieu. Married Officers if aged 25 or over normally receive marriage allowance of £338 per annum if not accommodated in official married quarters, £283 per annum if they are so accommodated and £146 per annum in either case if under 25. An initial outfit allowance of £103 is paid, together with a free issue of certain articles of clothing. A reduced allowance is payable to candidates with previous naval service as officers. Tax free gratuities of £300, £400 or £500 are payable at the end of 3, 4 or 5 years respectively. 3. Short Service in the Instructor Branch will, if desired, be treated as contributory service under the Teachers' (Superannuation) Acts, superannuation contributions being deducted from the above gratuities. 4. Instructor Officers serve both ashore and afloat and their duties include both technical instruction and general education. Officers with suitable qualifications may also be trained and appointed for full or part-time meteorological and weather forecasting duties. 5. Apply Director (P), Educ. Dept., Admiralty, London, S.W.1, for fuller details & appl. forms.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

AUCKLAND University College, New Zealand. Applications are invited for a Senior Lectureship in History. Salary £800 per annum, rising to £900 per annum by annual increments of £50 (all amounts in New Zealand currency). Allowance is made for travelling expenses. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Sq., London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications is June 17, 1950.

THE Population Investigation Committee invite application for the position of Research Worker to undertake research into recent developments of French population policy. Candidates should have a fluent knowledge of French and be prepared to spend some time in France if required to do so. They should be qualified to undertake social research and be competent in the interpretation and analysis of statistical material. The appointment will be for the period of one year in the first instance and the salary offered is between £400 and £700 per annum according to qualifications and experience. Applications, with the names of two referees, should reach the Research Secretary, Population Investigation Committee, London School of Economics, Houghton St., W.C.2, by June 1.

NEWBATTLE Abbey Residential College for Adults, Dalkeith, Scotland, invite applications for the posts of Tutor to take up duties as from October 1, 1950, in the following subjects: (1) Economics and related subjects; (2) Philosophy, including Political Theory; (3) History and International Relations. The salary range offered is from £400 to £900, according to qualifications and experience. Free board and residence will be provided, and a superannuation scheme will be in operation. Six copies of applications, with names of three refs., should be sent not later than May 30, to Dr. W. S. Evans, Hon. Sec., 3 University Gardens, Glasgow, W.2, from whom further partics. can be obtained.

B.B.C. invites applications from women for post of Assistant Wardrobe Manager, Television Service, Lime Grove, Shepherds Bush. Duties consist of selection of costumes to meet requirements of Producers, maintaining contact between artists and costumiers, arranging for fittings and final delivery, etc. Applicants should have working knowledge of period and modern costumes, wide general knowledge, a good memory and good organising ability. Previous experience in theatres and films is essential. Starting salary £470 (may be higher if qualifications and experience are exceptional), rising by £30 to £680 p.a. maximum. Detailed applications to Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within 7 days, marked "Asst. Wardrobe Man., N. Stm." acknowledgment enclose stamped addressed envelope.

CENTRAL Office of Information. Applications are invited for a post of French translator. Candidates must have French as their mother-tongue and be able to translate speedily and accurately articles, etc., on a wide range of subjects for publication abroad. Ability to type is essential. The post is graded Temporary Assistant Information Officer; salary according to age and qualifications, rising to £575 (men) or £460 (women). Written applications, giving date of birth, full details of qualifications and experience of posts held including dates, should be addressed to London Appointments Office, Ministry of Labour and National Service, 1-6 Tavistock Square, London, W.C.1, quoting reference number B.E 38. In no circumstances should original testimonials be forwarded. Only candidates selected for interview will be advised.

BARNETT Library Trust, Oxford. The Trustees invite applications for the post of Librarian (man or woman). Candidates must possess a knowledge of books on political and economic subjects. A University degree is desirable. Experience in library work will be regarded as an additional qualification. Salary scale £400-£500, according to age and experience. Superannuation on similar lines to F.S.S.U. Applications (6 copies) with not more than three recent testimonials, and the names of two referees, should be sent not later than June 3, to: The Secretary, Barnett Library Trust, 35 Beaumont St., Oxford, from whom further particulars and application forms may be obtained.

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE County Council. Children's Department, South Collingham Hall, Nr. Newark. House Father (Superintendent's Deputy) and House Mother (married couple) and one House Mother or alternatively three House Mothers required for this modern Children's Home for 30 boys and girls aged 3 to 16. Sympathetic understanding of children is essential. Salaries £6 4s. per week (House Father), £5 11s. per week (House Mother), less 23s. for board residence each. The posts are superannuable with liberal holidays. Applic. forms obtainable from Children's Officer, Shire Hall, Nottingham, K. Tweedale Meaby, Clerk of the County Council.

NATIONAL Union of Students has vacancy for Accountant to take charge of Accounts Department. Details from N.U.S., 3 Endsleigh St., W.C.1.

HEADMISTRESS reqd. for Autumn Term, pref. Froebel, for Hope Valley School, the Hall, Hathersage. A Day School for girls 5-11, boys 5-8. Recognised School. Beautiful Derbyshire situation, 12 mls. from Sheffield. Living accom. available. Apply Secretary.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

B.B.C. invites applications for post of Russian Language Monitor at Reading. Duties consist of reporting in English on radio transmissions in Russia, of which complete idiomatic grasp is essential. Good knowledge of current political events necessary. Starting salary £470 (may be higher if qualifications and experience are exceptional), rising by £30 to £680 p.a. maximum. Detailed applications to Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "Russian Monitor, N. Stm.," within 7 days. For acknowledgment enclose stamped addressed envelope.

COUNTY Borough of Derby. Vacancy for Children's Visitor. Woman Visitor required for responsible post vacant through retirement, to work under the direction of the Children's Officer. Duties include the placing and supervision of children in foster homes. Interest in child development and some experience or training in child care necessary. The post is graded in accordance with Grade I £390 × £15—£435 of the N.J.C. for Local Authorities' A.P.T. & C. Services Scales and is subject to the provisions of the Local Government Superannuation Act, 1937. The successful candidate will be required to pass a medical examination. Applications, giving age, qualifications, particulars of present and past employment, and names and addresses of two referees, to be forwarded to reach the Children's Officer, The Council House, Corporation Street, Derby, within 7 days of the publication of this advertisement. E. H. Nichols, Town Clerk.

CITY and County of Bristol. Education Department, West of England College of Art, Bristol (Regional College of Art). Principal: D. E. Milner, A.R.C.A. (Lond.), R.W.A. Applications invited for the following full-time appointments from September, 1950: (1) Head of Department of Design. (Salary Grade I Head of Department Scale.) This appointment covers various aspects of commercial and industrial design and crafts such as cabinet making, lithography. It is intended also to develop pottery, photography and interior decoration. (2) Teacher of art subjects leading to the Ministry of Education's Intermediate Art Examination and National Diploma in Design. Applicants should be sound artists and draughtsmen with the appropriate qualifications. A knowledge of a craft such as bookbinding is desirable. Burnham technical scale salary. Forms of application obtainable from Registrar, College of Art, Queen's Road, Bristol, to be returned at once to the Principal. G. H. St. Andrews, Chief Education Officer, Council House, College Green, Bristol, 1.

LANCASHIRE County Council. Children's Committee. Applications are invited from suitably qualified and experienced persons for the following residential appointments at the Children's Reception Centre, "Moorfield," Swinton, near Manchester. The Centre will accommodate 30 children of both sexes from two to fifteen years of age. The staff will make a close study and assessment of a child's physical and emotional needs, and within a short period, recommend his future placement. The Warden (male or female) will be responsible for co-ordinating the investigation and observation of the children, and the general organisation of the Centre. The applicant should have suitable experience and be a qualified teacher, or graduate, or possess a social science diploma. Salary—£480 × £15 to £570 per annum plus emoluments. Deputy Warden (male or female): Qualifications should be comparable to those of the Warden. Salary—£390 × £15 to £465 per annum, plus emoluments. Matron: A candidate need not necessarily be the wife of an applicant for the above posts although if appropriate a joint appointment will be considered. She should preferably have done some residential work with children and nursing experience would be an advantage. Salary £220 × £15 to £250 per annum, plus emoluments. Application forms may be obtained from the County Children's Officer, County Offices, Preston, to whom completed forms must be returned by May 31, 1950.

DEVON County Council. Children's Committee. Applications are invited for the posts of (a) Warden and Matron (married couple), (b) Assistants, for a Reception Home for thirty boys and girls from 3-15 years of age, to be opened at Villa Languard, Torquay, a beautiful house overlooking Torbay. The purpose of the Home will be temporarily to receive children removed from their own families for observation and to advise as to their long-term care. Candidates should have had experience of caring for mixed groups of children on non-Institutional lines, and a recognised training in Social work, teaching, nursing or child care, will be an advantage. Salaries: Warden, £220-£365 per annum, plus emoluments valued at £130 per annum; Matron, £215-£320 per annum, plus emoluments valued at £130 per annum; Assistants, £180-£245 plus emoluments valued at £78 per annum. Application forms and further particulars can be obtained from the Children's Officer, Bradninch Hall, Castle St., Exeter. These should be returned within 14 days of appearance of this advertisement. H. A. Davis, Clerk to the Council, The Castle, Exeter.

WANTED for Bishop Vesey's Grammar School, Sutton Coldfield, for June 1, or as soon as possible, a Matron-Cook-Housekeeper to take care of about 35 boys in the Headmaster's House. Salary £250 a year and board and lodging. An Assistant cook is employed. Apply by letter to the Headmaster, enclosing copies of testimonials, within a week of the appearance of this advertisement.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

TOYNBEE Hall, E.1. The Universities Settlement in East London. Tutors required for the following evening courses to commence in September, 1950: Introduction to Economics; Appreciation of Painting (illustrated with lantern slides); English Literature; Art of Writing; English Language; Latin for beginners; Spanish—2 classes; Violin—1 class; French for Travellers; First Year French; French Intermediate; French Advanced; German for Travellers. Toynbee Hall is a grant-aided Literary Institute. Salaries in accordance with rates for tutors at Literary Institutes of London County Council. Applications from graduates of British Universities should be sent with copies of recent testimonials to: The Sub-Warden, Toynbee Hall, E.1.

CANTERBURY Education Committee. College of Art. School of Architecture. Required as soon as possible a full-time Studio Master for work in connection with Finals Course. The College is approved by the R.I.B.A. as a Listed School. Candidates must be Associates or Fellows of the R.I.B.A., preferably school trained and with some professional experience in Architecture. Previous teaching experience is desirable but not essential. Salary in accordance with Burnham Scale. Up to ten increments may be allowed for suitable professional experience. Applications, giving full particulars training, qualifications and experience, should be sent to the Principal as soon as possible. N. Polmear, Chief Education Officer, 78 London Rd., Canterbury.

CITY of Leicester. Children's Committee. Applications are invited for the appointment of a Court Officer (Male) in the Children's Department. The person appointed will be required to attend the Juvenile Court and advise the Children's Officer on routine legal matters affecting juveniles brought before the Court. In addition there will be after-care work with boys of school leaving age. Applicants should have a comprehensive knowledge of the Children Act, 1948, and the Children and Young Persons Acts, 1933-38. Previous experience in child care work is essential and the possession of a Social Science or other recognised diploma will be an added recommendation. In view of the duties of the post, those with experience of the probation service are invited to apply. Salary will be in accordance with APT Div. III of the National Joint Council's Scales (£450 × £15—£495 per annum). The provisions of the Local Government Superannuation Act, 1937, will apply and the appointment is subject to a satisfactory medical examination. Forms of application may be obtained from the Children's Officer, Rupert St., Leicester, to whom they should be returned within 14 days of appearance of this advertisement. L. McEvoy, Town Clerk.

PSYCHIATRIC Social Worker required in the Portsmouth Mental Health Service. Candidates must possess a University qualification in Mental Health and preferably have some experience in Child Guidance. The salary is that laid down by the Joint Negotiating Council (viz., £370, rising by £20 annually to a maximum of £530). The post is held under the direction of St. James Mental Hospital Management Committee (Group 49, S.W. Metropolitan Region) and is subject to the provisions of the National Health Service (Superannuation) Regulations, 1950. Applications will also be considered from students now completing an approved course of training. Application, stating qualifications, experience, age and quoting the names and addresses of two persons to whom reference may be made, must be sent within 21 days of the publication of this advertisement, to Dr. Thomas Beaton, The Medical Director, Portsmouth Mental Health Service, St. James Hospital for Mental and Nervous Disease, Portsmouth.

CITY of Birmingham Children's Department. Middlemore House Children's Home. A vacancy occurs for a resident Housemother. Commencing salary 102s. per week (less 23s. for board, lodging and laundry). Applicants should be at least 25 years of age and should have had previous residential experience with children. Application forms and further particulars can be obtained from the Superintendent, Middlemore House, Weoley Park Rd., Birmingham, 29. (Quote Advt. 8951.) Ernest J. Holmes, Children's Officer.

WHY not be a Nurse? Do you know that you can train under delightful conditions in England's loveliest county, and be paid during training an allowance of £200-£325 a year, plus dependants' allowances? Modern Nurses' Home with separate bedrooms and splendid recreational facilities are provided. Dartford is 16 miles from London, with excellent train and bus services to the Metropolis, the coast and all parts of the Kent countryside. Write now to Miss Vivian, Matron, Joyce Green General Hospital, Dartford, Kent.

HANHAM Folk Community Centre. Applications are invited for the appointment of Warden of a Community Centre at Hanham, Bristol. Salary £400 per annum for male, £350 for female. Salary is paid by the Gloucestershire County Education Authority. Superannuation subject to medical examination. Further details of the appointment, together with application form, can be obtained from the undersigned on receipt of a stamped, addressed envelope. David Evans, Chairman, 38 Beechwood Avenue, Hanham, Bristol.

DRAUGHTSMAN for factory South-East London. Experienced in light mechanical equipment design. Five-day week. Interesting work. Write, stating age, experience and qualifications. Box 6406.

CASSEL Fox School (Jewish Day School), 20 Upper Park Road, Salford, 7. Lancs. Wanted for September, teachers for Infants and Junior Classes. Salary, Burnham Scale III, special increments for additional qualifications, plus responsibility bonus. Small class (maximum 20). Apply in writing, with copies of testimonials, to Principal.

BIRMINGHAM Zionist Council. Applics. are invited for post of Lady Organiser-Secretary, starting salary £400 per annum. All communications in strict confidence to Mr. B. Winter, 20 Constance Rd. Birmingham, 5.

LONDON, S.E.18. Full-time Warden-Leader reqd. for mixed Youth Club and Centre for Youth. Salary according to qualifications. Unfurn. accom. provided. Applications, with full partics. and copies of three recent testimonials to the Secretary, Youth Club Committee, 71 Rectory Place, S.E.18.

THE Y.W.C.A. requires Club Leaders and Assistants (young women) for leisure-time youth clubs in all parts of the country. Some training or relevant experience necessary. Salaries from £370 non-resident for young assistants up to £420 non-resident for more senior posts. Apply by letter only: Personnel Secretary, Y.W.C.A. National Offices, Great Russell St., London, W.C.1.

TRAINING College for Teachers, 14 The Crescent, Bedford. Principal's Secretary and Registrar required in July. Applicants should be interested in the work of the College and have some experience in keeping simple accounts. Shorthand and typing essential. Salary according to qualifications. Application with two testimonials and the names of two referees should be made to the Principal.

WANTED: resident Assistant-Master for English to Foreign Students. Short hours, Diplomas not essential. Box 6613.

THE Central Council for Health Education requires junior and shorthand typists, pref. between 18 and 25; salary from £180 to £270 according to age and experience. Staff pension fund if over 21. Apply in writing to the Medical Adviser and Secretary, Tavistock House, Tavistock Square, W.C.1.

SECRETARY, able to deal with correspondence, minutes of meetings, etc., required by publishers of visual aids for education. Accuracy essential. Apply to the Editor, Common Ground, Ltd., 12 Sydney Place, S.W.7.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

EXECUTIVE, aged 42, 20 years' exp. flour milling, corn & bakery business, countryman, fond children, seeks interesting post. Bursar/secretary to school or agricultural estate might suit. Any suggestions? Box 6193.

ADVERTISER (38) seeks position of responsibility where academic quals. (languages, economics, history) and administrative and organising exp. are reqd. Reliable, conscientious and intelligent worker. Preference given to situation as private secretary involving personal contacts and/or work of academic nature. Salary reqd. £500 p.a. Box 6213.

MARRIED woman, 26, B.Sc. (Econ.) wants part-time voluntary social work Chiswick area. Box 6235.

OCCASIONAL assistance offered on audits, income tax work and financial investigations. 10s. 6d. per hour. L. W. Jones, 15 Nassington Rd. N.W.3. Hampstead 6666.

EXPERIENCED woman secretary, 31, wants post autumn with prospect foreign travel. Interest and value of work considered before high salary and comfort. Box 6360.

LADY (36), 18 years' commercial and other experience, including management, wants interesting and responsible post, not necessarily London. Good shorthand/typist. Box 6361.

LOND. Undergrad. (Maths., Psychology) desires job, pref. abroad, July-Sept. Perfect German, adequate French. Box 6147.

FRANCOPHILE couple, aged 23: Husband —completing final year Honours Degree, Cambridge; fluent French, good Italian; nearly three years' teaching experience in France and Italy. Wife—French by birth, graduate, bilingual; also good Italian: seek permanent single or double post after June in Paris, Nice, Lyon or Switzerland (near Lake Geneva). Cultural, social/touristic pref. Wd. consider work in London if teaching eventually to post in France. Write: BM/STEPHEN, London, W.C.1.

SCHOLARSHIPS

A FEW scholarships will be granted by the French Government to students wishing to complete their musical or dance studies in France. For partics., apply in writing to Cultural Counsellor of the French Embassy, 58 Knightsbridge, S.W.1. Applics. close May 31.

MISCELLANEOUS

PHOTOGRAPHY, Drawing Office, Radio, Electrical. Everyone whose work or hobby comes under these headings should send 2½d. stamp for Silversone's catalogue of Government Surplus Bargains. Illustrated and beautifully produced in pocket size booklet form, it is full of items of equipment at a fraction of their original cost. The Silversone Guarantee of Absolute Satisfaction or Money Unconditionally Refunded is known and appreciated all over the world. H. Silversone, 20 Oxford Rd., Manchester, 1.

YOU'VE heard the news, don't make a song. Things aren't so bad when you smoke Tom Long.

MISCELLANEOUS—continued

"SE comprendre, c'est la paix." The Linguists' Club, London's International Centre, 20, Grosvenor Place, S.W.1, for conversation and tuition in foreign languages. Continental Snack Bar. Phone SLO. 9395.

STORIES wanted by the Agency Dept., C.90, of British Institute of Fiction Writing Science, Ltd., Regent House, Regent St., W.1. We negotiate suitable work on a 15% of sales basis (no reading fee), unsuitable work returned with reasons for rejection. We offer also an interesting booklet giving details and facts of our Courses and Conditions, and success letters from students.

THE London Camera Exchange Co., Ltd., will purchase for cash, exchange, or sell on commission, all serviceable types of Photographic and Optical Apparatus and Accessories in sound condition. Good prices allowed. Call, write or 'phone (City 4591), 55 Bucklersbury, Queen Victoria St. E.C.4. (Minute from Bank and Mansion House.)

GRAMOPHONE records wanted. Best prices paid for second-hand records. Orchestral or vocal: classical or dance music. Foyles, 121 Charing Cross Rd. W.C.2.

HALL of Institute of Journalists available for mtgs. Seats up to 100. Mod. rentals. Apply Gen. Sec., 2-4, Tudor St. E.C.4.

PRINTING with Personality. Booklets, reports, appeals. The Priory Press, Malvern. Est. 1898.

PERSIAN Rugs invisibly repaired. World-wide Service. Bonel, 153 Brompton Rd. London, S.W.3, England.

MEMORY: Use Mnemonikons for platform, stage, study, daily routine. Apply for The Gigantic Device, 51, Mnemo, Room 22 (N.S.N.), 3 Bloomsbury St., London, W.C.1.

1,000,000 Shillings Fund to help fight organised cruelty to our wild animals. Send yours to Sec. (N), League Against Cruel Sports, 58 Maddox St., London, W.1.

DEANER Printers, Ltd., for printing and Pamphlets, Reports, Leaflets, Stationery, etc. 189 Shoreditch High St., London, E.1. Bishopsgate 7023/7876.

SCHOOLS

ELMTREES School, Gt. Missenden, Bucks. Co-ed., 4-12 yrs. Happy home life. Lovely surroundings. Modern education, progressive outlook, individual care.

FOR freedom and self-government. Kilquhanity House, Castle Douglas, Scotland. Boys and girls from 3 years. Headmaster: John M. Aitkenhead, M.A., Ed.B.

PINEWOOD, Anwellbury, Herts (Wat 52) for children 4 to 14—where diet, environment, psychology and teaching methods maintain health and happiness. Facilities for weekly boarders. Elizabeth Strachan.

ST. CATHERINE'S, Almondsbury, nr. Bristol. Co-ed.: boarding; all ages. Overlks. Channel, Welsh Hills. Vegetarian and food reform diet. Music, Dancing, Drama, Crafts, etc., Ralph Cooper, M.A., and Joyce Cooper.

ST. TIMOTHY'S School, Dawlish, Devon. Independent Co-educational school for boarders and day scholars from five to school certificate preparation for secondary and public schools, situated in ideal surroundings. Principal, Miss S. M. Stookes, N.F.U.

THE Middle Way in Education has been practised for the last 2 years with very promising results at a Preparatory School for boys and girls on the Suffolk coast. Progressive methods have made for mental freedom without sacrificing good manners, a high standard of work and general cleanliness. Exceptionally gd. food and very pleasant background. Pinewoods & sea. Prosp.: Sizewell Hall, Suffolk.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

TRIGON House Hotel, Notting Hill Gate, 40 Pembridge Villas, W.11. Phone BAY 0667. Lux. serv. rooms w. board. Reasonable.

A PLEASANT residential hostel for business people. Garage. Tennis court, billiards, table tennis. Terms from £3 13s. 6d. partial board, full Sundays. 45/5 Fitzjohn's Avenue, Hampstead. 'Phone HAM. 6516.

A CHARMING Bijou Guest House, h. and c.; garden; rooms, incl. breakfast and dinner, from 3gns. Few mins. Marble Arch, nr. tube, buses, 80 Maida Vale, W.9. MAI. 1930.

TO let: N. London, July, Aug. (part Sept. by arrangement), 3-room furn. flat. Use bath., £3 10s. wkly., incl. everything to careful tenants. Suit couple. Box 6197.

TO let to woman, large light bed-sitting room, all conveniences, very reasonable. Park 6451, morning or evening.

HAMPSTEAD village attractively furn. 1.c. flat; d. bedrm., l.rm., k.-b. 4½gns. Qtly. in adv. Pref. art/allied interests. Box 7031.

COMF. furn. bed-sit. room N. London, suit business lady. 'Phone CUN. 3508.

BACHELOR (Jewish) offers to another share of modern flat, Chalk Farm, refs. reqd. Box 6413 or daytime GUL. 2848.

TO let fully equip. caravan N.6, suit 2 quiet people out during day. Box 6254.

CORFE Castle, Dorset. To be let furnished, June, 32gns.; July, 44gns. Detached Purbeck stone residence. 2 beds., bath, 2 rec., kit., etc. Elec. Pleasant garden. Miles & Son, Auctioneers, Swanage, Dorset.

ACCOMMODATION—continued

NORFOLK Windmill (converted) to let for seaside holidays. 17 beds, 2 large st.-rms., dorm. help available. Free May (8gns. wk.), June, July, Sept. (10gns. wk.). Apply: Cornford, Conduit Head, Cambridge. Tel. 3097.

ALDEBURGH, Suffolk, to let furn. top floor flat, sitting-rm. facing sea, double bed-rm., kitchen, bath, all electric. Garage available. 4gns. p.w. Box 6277.

TO let furn. for 2 years from Oct., XV-Century farmhouse 30 miles S. London. Main water, electricity. Very attractive terms to young couple who will housekeep at weekends for owner's son & occasional friends. Station 4 miles; good service London. Box 6251.

CULTURED home, lovely surroundings, Purley, offers rooms with verandah, bkfast. Dinner and week-end meals opt. Excel. continental cooking. 30 mins. London. Box 6257.

NEW York. Progressive American student & English wife with exchange small furn. Greenwich Village flat, mod. rent, constant h.w., c.h., frig., sunny outlook, for small flat London, furn./unfurn. Available August 3/4 years. Box 6170.

CAMBRIDGE couple and baby happily sharing convenient house and gdn. near Univ., seek exchange London. Box 6274.

MED. student (female) requires furn. room, cooking facilities, N.W. pref. Baby-sitting considered. Box 6308.

WANTED by young economist, two large unfurn. rooms & kitchen, use bathrm.; would baby watch occasionally. Box 6289.

ENGAGED couple marrying shortly, seek s.c. unfurnished flat. London. Box 6304.

YOUNG architect and doctor require furn./unfurn. flat Central London area, 3-4 rooms, kit., bath. Box 6409.

MR. and Mrs. Michael Graham-Jones, returning from Persia in June, req. unfurnished accommodation (house/flat) in or nr. London but attractive for children at reasonable rent, also possibility of sharing. Write: Michael Graham-Jones, c/o 71 Pall Mall, S.W.1.

FURNISHED seaside flat/bungalow wanted. Reasonable. 2 weeks end July/August. 2 bedrooms. Woman journalist. Husband teacher. Boy 10. Box 6316.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE

EIRE, 4-roomed seaside cottage to sell. Thomas Keane, Cashleen, Renvyle, Co. Galway.

WEST Byfleet, Surrey: for sale in late summer, freehold house & plot 24ft. × 50ft., 3 bedrooms and all modern conveniences: £3,000. Box 6276.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

A-BOMB Control—what next? The rock-bottom incentives for reconciling Russia and America are clearly presented for the first time in "Rider's Review" (Spring number now on sale). Panel of contributors on questions of Psychology, Western and Eastern Philosophy, the problem of Values, Extra-Sensory Perception, Physical Research, Mysticism, etc., includes Dr. James Drever, Bertrand Russell, Dr. R. H. Thouless, Prof. A. E. Heath, Olaf Stapledon, Dr. William Brown, C. E. M. Joad, Aldous Huxley, Editor, Philip Mairet. 2s. 6d. quarterly from all booksellers, or 10s. 6d. a year post free from Desk 22, Rider & Co., 47 Princes Gate, S.W.7.

EIDOS. Publication of first number May 23. Have you ordered your copy of the new Journal of Painting, Sculpture and Design? The most comprehensive review of its kind, will contain articles by leading authorities on subjects of general and specialised interest ranging from prehistoric to present times. Annual subscription £1 2s. (6 numbers), single copies 7s. 6d. May be ordered from booksellers or direct from Newman Wolsey, Ltd., 4 Holborn Place, W.C.1.

"THE Nation," America's Leading Liberal Weekly. Subscriptions £2 16s. 3d. yearly, may be sent through the Publisher, N.S., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Specimen copy on request.

"PASTEURISED Milk": A National Menace," 7d.: Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, 9.

SPANISH Bookshop. Instituto Español, 58 Princes Gate, S.W.7.

L. SIMMONDS, 16 Fleet Street. Central 5907. Books bought in any quantity, Libraries purchased. Standard sets. Good technical books also required.

BOOKS, second-hand, pressed. Write for lists. Silverdale, 114 Newcity Rd., Glasgow.

GERMAN books: Libris, 50 Haeben Rd., London, N.W.6. Pri. 6906. Books bought.

AMERICAN Readers: Books reviewed/advertised in these pages are readily obtainable: simply send order & check in $ for amount advertised to Robert Bentley Co., 110 P.O. Sq., Boston 9, Mass (12.=14c). Add 30c. for shipping, etc., per book.

GREEK Booksellers. "Zeno," 6 Denmark St., W.C.2. Tel. TEM. 2522. Large collection of Classical, Byzantine & Modern Greek books. Also we are buyers of books on Greece, Crete and Cyprus, in any language.

BOOKS. Highest prices paid for all books in fine conditions. Up to half published price for modern novels. Send for price list. Fiction Library Service, 159 Victoria St. S.W.1. 'Phone VICtoria 9827.

ENTERTAINMENTS

STRATFORD-on-Avon 1950 Shakespeare Festival. Evgs. 7.30. Matts. Wed., Sat., 2.30. All seats bookable through principal agents or Box Office, Memorial Theatre.

ARTS (Tem. 3334). Evgs (ex. Mon.) 7.0. Sat. & Sun. 5 & 8. Cilli Wang. Members.

UNITY. "Hell is What you Make It." Weds.-Suns. 7.30. EUS. 5391. Ass. Mem. 2s. 6d.

MERCURY, Park 5700. From May 30. "Stratton," by Ronald Duncan.

PEOPLE'S Palace, Adv. 4244. Sun., May 21, 7.30: "Les Amants de Verone."

WEST End Première—National Amateur Film Awards. June 1, 2 & 3. Tickets: Davis, 56 Brook St., W.1. (S.a.e.)

"THE Strike," prizewinning Czech Film, and speaker just returned from Eastern Europe, Thrs., May 25, 7.45, Islington Town Hall. 1s. at door or S.A.E. to L.D.C.P. (Film Show), 75 Farringdon Rd., E.C.1.

LONDON Symphony Orchestra. This Sun. at 3. R.A.H. Beethoven Concert. Overture "Fidelio." Symphony No. 6 (Pastoral). Symphony No. 5 in C Minor. Conductor: Josef Krips. Presented by London Symphony Orchestra, Ltd. (Mgr. Harold Holt, Ltd.). 2s., 3s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d. KEN. 8212.

THE Bach Choir, Royal Albert Hall, Tues. next, at 7.30. A Sea Symphony (Vaughan Williams). Soloists: Elsie Suddaby & Roderick Jones. Song of Destiny (Brahms), Symphony No. 4 (Dvorak). Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. Cond.: Dr. Reginald Jacques. Tickets: 10s., 7s. 6d., 5s., 4s., 2s. 6d., from Hall (Ken. 8212), Agents and Ibbs & Tillett, Ltd., 124 Wigmore St., W.1.

COMMITTEE for the Promotion of New Music presents 2 new Orchestral Works. At Studio 1 (E.M.I. Studios), 3 Abbey Rd., N.W.8, on Thurs., May 25, at 6.30. Goldsborough Orchestra. Conducted by John Hollingsworth & Lawrence Leonard. Soloists: John Glickman, Emanuel Hurwitz, Edward Walker, John Wolfe. Chairman: Humphrey Searle. 1st Speaker: Malcolm Arnold. Admission 1s. or by subscription card.

LONDON Contemporary Music Centre. R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk St., Pall Mall, S.W.1. Tues. next, at 7.30. Janacek: Violin Sonata; Slovak Folk Tunes. Szymanowski: Tantris The Fool; Five Mazurkas; Children's Rhymes. Kodaly: Duo Violin and Cello. Sophie Wyss (Soprano), Jean Pougnet (Violin), Anthony Pini (Cello), Liza Fuchsova (Piano). 5s. at R.B.A. Galleries & Chappell's.

MASS in B Minor (Bach). Royal Albert Hall, Sat., May 27, at 3. Massed Schools Choir of 1,000 Voices, assisted by Members of The Bach Choir. Soloists: Elsie Suddaby, Gladys Ripley, Eric Greene, Norman Walker. The Jacques Orchestra. Cond.: Dr. Reginald Jacques. Tickets: 10s., 7s. 6d., 6s., 5s., 3s., at Hall (Ken. 8212), usual Agents and Ibbs & Tillett, Ltd., 124 Wigmore St., W.1.

BACH Festival at Prades, P.O. France. Director, Soloist and Conductor: Pablo Casals. June 2-20. Programmes, seats, etc.: from Wakefield, Fortune & Co., 32 Shaftesbury Avenue, W.1.

LOUISE Marshall. Songs by Bach, Mozart, Brahms, Duparc, R. Strauss, Spalding, Sainton (1st perf.), Daniel Kelly (piano). Thurs. next at 8. R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk St., Pall Mall. 5s., 3s., at door and agents. Director of Concerts: Nicholas Choveaux.

AFRICAN Music. Gramophone recital privately owned recordings intro. by Mrs. MacKay. Anglo-French Art Centre. Cun. 7854. May 25, 8.45. Mems. & mems. guests 2s. 6d.

THE 77 Club presents the Hermanos Deniz Cuban Rhythm Band at its Caribbean Whitsun Ball at the Royal Empire Society, Craven St., Charing X, on Sat., May 27. Doors open 7.30 p.m. Adm. 4s. 6d. Guest artist Lord Beginner, the famous Calypsonian. Licensed bar.

THE 77 Club presents Lord Beginner, famous Calypsonian, as guest artist at its dance on Sat., May 20, 7.30. Victory House, Leicester Sq., W.1. Adm. 4s. Licensed bar.

DANCE. By the International Friendship League at Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., on Sat., May 20, 7.15-11. Metro-Nares Band.

INTERNATIONAL Dance. Youth House, 250 Camden Road, N.W.1. Saturday, 20th, at 8 p.m. Admission 2s. Buffet.

EXHIBITIONS

TATE Gallery, William Rothenstein Memorial Exhibition. Week-days 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. Sundays 2 p.m. to 6 p.m. Adm. free.

CHRISTIAN Berard, Paintings and decors. New Burlington Galleries, Old Burlington St., W.1. Open till June 17. Mon.-Sat. 10-6 (Tues. & Thurs. 10-8). Adm. 1s.

PAUL Maze Watercolours. Daily 10-5.30, Saturdays 10-1. Marlborough, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1.

STANLEY Spencer: Recent Paintings, including four of "The Resurrection" series, 9.30-6, Sat. 9.30-1. Tooth's, 31 Bruton St. W.1.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Recent Oils by Pic and Potworowski.

SCOTTISH Crafts. Tweeds, Tartans, Silverware, Pottery, Basketwork and a selection of Edinburgh Tapestries. Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Road, W.1.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

BERTHE Morisot. Arts Council exhibition of Paintings and Drawings. Matthiesen Gallery, 142 New Bond St., W.1. Open till June 17. Mon.-Fri., 10-6, Sat. 10-1. Adm. 1s.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton St., W.1. Degas, Paintings, Sculpture, Pastels. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

LEICESTER Galleries Exhibitions 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1. Sickert—Emmons Collection of Paintings and Drawings. Mary Kessell—1st Exhib. Leonard Greaves—Memorial Exhib.

ARTISTS International Assn. Gallery, 15 Lisle St., Leics. Sq. Hand-printed furnishing, dress fabrics by Bocquet & Freeman. May 22-June 3. Daily 11-6, Sats. incl.

ROYAL Society of British Artists. R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk St., S.W.1. Summer Exhibition. Including works by the late Ethel Gabain, R.B.A., 10-5. Adm. 1s.

ST. George's Gallery, 81 Grosvenor St., W.1. Spring Exhibition. Daily 10-6, Sats. 10-1.

TWENTY Brook St.: Paintings, etc., by Angna Enters; also by Cyril Mann.

MAPS, Ships & Things of the Sea. Ship models, shells, marine paintings, and old maps of all Counties. Heal & Son, 196, Tottenham Court Rd., W.1.

HANOVER Gallery, 32A St. George St. W.1. Recent works by Lucian Freud. Engravings by Roger Vieillard. Until May 27.

ASIAN Institute Gallery, 17 Irving St., Leics. Sq. Khin Maung's Burma Landscapes and other Paintings. Until June 3.

LITTLE Gallery, 10 Piccadilly Arcade, S.W.1. Gouaches by John Paddy Carstairs. April 24-May 27.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St., W.1. English and French Paintings, 1770-1930. Fuseli, Gericault, Courbet, Whistler, Matisse, Sickert, etc. Last week.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery. "Painters' Progress," open daily 11-6, Sundays 2-6, closed Mondays.

NEW English Art Club at Royal Institute Galleries, 195 Piccadilly, 10-5 (Sundays 2-5).

SLATTER Gallery, 1950 Exhibition. Important Dutch & Flemish Masters. 10-5.30, Sats. 10-1. 30 Old Bond St., W.1.

FOYLES Art Gallery, Charing Cross Rd., W.C.2. Paintings & Drawings by Members of the Campden Hill Club. 9-6 daily (inc. Sats.) until May 27. Adm. free.

GARDEN Furniture. There is a display of garden furniture of metal, cane, elm and teak to be found at Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Rd. W.1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

KENSINGTON Fabian Society. A meeting will be held on Monday, May 22, at 8 p.m. at 37 Gloucester Walk, W.8. The speaker will be Mr. T. McKitterick and the subject for discussion "The Dollar Gap as it Affects British Economy." Members and non-members are invited.

IN Honour of Professor Joliot-Curie: Meeting at Denison House, 296 Vauxhall Bridge Road, Westminster, S.W.1, 7.30 p.m., Sunday, May 21. Chairman: Dr. W. A. Wooster. Speakers include: Dr. P. Biquard, Prof. J. D. Bernal, F.R.S., Mr. J. G. Crowther.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society, Wed., May 24, 7.30 p.m. N.T.U. Club, 12 Gt. Newport St., W.C.2. Discussion meeting. "The Budget and the Voter." Adm. 1s. 6d.

"WHAT We saw in U.S.S.R." Report back meeting of British Workers' delegation. 7.30 p.m. Sun., May 21, Hampersmith Town Hall. Adm. 1s. fr. British Soviet Friendship Socy., 36 Spencer St., E.C.1, or at door.

MR. Kothare will speak on "The Ramayana" on May 26, at 17 Gt. Cumberland Place, Marble Arch, at 8.15 p.m. All welcome.

SOUTH African Student Assn. "The Protectorates & S.W. Africa," by Rev. G. R. Naetan. Thurs., May 25, 8 p.m. 80 South Hill Park, N.W.3. All welcome.

"MAN and Superman": reading and discussion. Shaw Soc., 17 Dean St., W.1. May 26, 7 p.m. Non-mems. 1s. Forthcoming: Fred. Hoyle, Benn Levy, W. A. Darlington.

"HAS Music a meaning?"—illustrated talk by Julian Herbage, chairman James Gibb: Sat., May 20, at 7 p.m. Salle Erard, 18 Gt. Marlboro' St., W.1. Adm. 2s. ('Phone Pad. 8670—Workers' Music Association.)

FRANZ Kafka: Lecture in German. Introduction by Dr. H. G. Adler. Readings from his works: Midia Kraus. Club 1943, 1 Broadhurst Gardens, N.W.6. Tuesday, May 23, 7.30. Entrance 1s. 6d.

MOHOLY-Nagy. Talk by Sybil Moholy-Nagy on "The Work of Moholy-Nagy," 6 p.m., Wed., May 24, at R.I.B.A., 66 Portland Place, W.1. Arranged by Institute of Contemporary Arts and R.I.B.A. Admission free.

AYANA Deva Angadi: "The Future Rôle of Asian Cultures." At the Ethical Church, 41 Inverness Place, Queensway, W.2. Sunday, May 21st, at 11 a.m.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq. W.C.1. Sunday meeting at 11 o'clock. May 21. Archibald Robertson, M.A.: "The Ethics of Socialism." Adm. free.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

THE Anglo-Israel Cultural Assocn. Thurs., May 25, 7.30 p.m. Cowdray Hall, Henrietta Place, Cavendish Sq. W.1. Dr. F. A. Freeth, F.R.S., will speak on his recent visit to Israel. Non-members welcome.

BRAINS Trust. Conway Hall, Th., May 25, 7.30. Come & ask your questions on Trade Unions, Education, Peace Movement, etc., in Rumania. Comm. Young, James Klugman, Jack Greenberg, Brit.-Rumanian Friendship Assn.

"THE Real Truth about the Theatre." R. Morris: Kingsway Hall May 23, 7.30.

SWAMI Ghanananda at Kingsway Hall, Thurs, 7.30, May 25: "God in Everything." All welcome.

THEOSOPHY, Public Lecture, Sundays, 7 p.m. United Lodge of Theosophists, 17 Gt. Cumberland Place, Marble Arch. All welc. May 21: Karma. Collective and Individual.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

"THE Person in Industry." Personalist Group Conference at Haywards Heath, Sussex, June 2-4. The lectures will deal with "economic democracy" as seen by the politician, the industrialist and the sociologist. Speakers: R. W. G. Mackay, M.P., Elliott Dodds, R. Graham Page, Wilfred Brown, Gordon Rattray Taylor, and Maurice B. Reckitt. From Fri. 50s., from Sat. 35s. Members 45s. and 32s. 6d. Applications to F. L. Jackman, 36 Abbey Rd. N.W.8. (MAI. 3066.)

"DISCOVER Your Neighbour." A residential course from July 3 to 28, 1950, will be held at two settlements in Bethnal Green. For professional workers and students interested in developing their sense of social awareness by direct participation in local activities, combined with study and discussion. Apply early to the Warden, The Oxford House, Mape St., E.2.

COUNTRY Week-end in the heart of London. Pleasant gardens, meals, lectures, discussions, international atmosphere, May 27-28. Conference on Russia. Competent unbiassed lecturers. Russian music and songs. Parties from Registrar, International People's College, 10 South Bolton Gardens, S.W.5.

I.L.P. Week-end School, Godalming, June 3. S.E. Asian Affairs. Indonesian & Malayan speakers. Details: B. W. K. Jones, 30 Rosemary Ave., Hounslow.

ADMINISTRATIVE and Secretarial Training. Expert advice on careers. Individual care. Good posts found for all qualified students. Courses for Political, Hospital, Hotel and Library work; Journalism, Advertising, Languages and Foreign Shorthands and in Management. Special arrangements for graduates. Scholarships available. Resident and day students accepted. Social amenities. Apply to J. W. Loveridge, M.A. (Cantab), St. Godric's Secretarial College, 2 Arkwright Rd. N.W.3. Ham. 5986.

HOME Study for Degrees, etc. Postal tuition for London Matric., Special Ent., B.A., B.Sc., B.Sc.Econ.; Sch. Cert., H.S.C. Low fees. Prosp. from C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Dept. VH93, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

LANGHAM Secretarial College. Thorough training for educated girls leads to well-paid private secretarial posts at home and overseas. Vacancies, May 31, Sept. 4. Final year students may enrol provisionally for Sept. Prospectus: Secretary, 50 Fitzroy St., London, W.1. EUSton 5811.

COMPLETE Secreti. Training and shorter courses for graduates or older students at Davies's, White Lodge, 2 Addison Rd. W.14. Park 4465. Students may begin now.

DUTTON Shorthand, 92 Gt. Russell Street, W.C.1, have theory and speed classes, morning, afternoon and evening; typewriters for practice. 'Phone MUS. 7379 for details.

THE Isobel Cripps Centre is an independent organisation founded to extend and develop the work of the Psycho-Physical Re-education Group. The teachers concerned are qualified to teach Mr. F. M. Alexander's re-educational technique. Particulars from Secretary, 18 Lansdowne Rd. Holland Park, W.11. Park 7223.

THE Bedford Physical Training College. Principal, Miss P. Spafford, O.B.E. Students are trained to become teachers of all branches of Physical Education. Course extends over 3 years. Apply Sec., 37 Lansdowne Rd. Bedford.

FRENCH, German, Italian or Spanish one-year courses for beginners and all grades commencing in Sept. Vacancies now available for the most intensive linguistic training in daily Classes. Write for Prospectus (free): Schwarz Language Tuition Centre, Ltd., 10 Portman St., Marble Arch, W.1. MAY. 4060.

HOVEL Theatre Studio, 23 St. Ann's Villas, Royal Crescent, W.11. SLO. 1040, BAY. 2093. Full stage training, Stanislavsky Method. Day and evening classes. Apply: Secretary.

SUMMER SCHOOLS

FOREIGN holiday in England. Join an informal house party, meet interesting visitors from abroad and practice your languages. Language classes and exchange, July 28-Aug. 8, nr. Windsor, Berkshire; Aug. 4-Sept. 2, New Milton, Hampshire, by the sea and near New Forest, also Irish house party nr. Dublin. Erna Low, 9 Reece Mews, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

SUMMER SCHOOLS—continued

UNIVERSITY of Birmingham. Extra-Mural Department. Summer Schools. At Attingham Park, near Shrewsbury: "Music in the Modern World." July 20-25. The Rubbra Trio, Allan Bush, Wilfrid Mellers, Ian Parrott, Edmund Rubbra, Bernard Stevens. "Local Studies," August 28-September 4. At Westham House, near Warwick: "Summer Countryside," June 17-23. "Trees Week-end," June 23-25. "Local Studies," August 19-26. At Dale Fort, Pembrokeshire: "Marine Zoology, Botany, Geology," July 26-August 2. At Stratford-upon-Avon: "Shakespeare and Elizabethan Drama," July 8-August 19. Also Study Tour of Irish Archæology, August 19-26. Reduced charges for British students, who may also, if preferred, attend for only one of the two three-week terms. Details from Director of Extra-Mural Studies, The University, Edmund St., Birmingham, 3.

SCOTTISH Leadership Training Association. Summer School at Aberdeen in Art and Crafts at Gray's School of Art (by kind permission of Governors of Robert Gordon's College), with residence at Hilton Hostel, Aberdeen, August 1-9, 1950. Fee £7 7s. Embroidery, Weaving, Fabric Printing, Leatherwork, Basketry, Crafts and Colour for the Home. This Course is intended to equip persons for work in Craft Groups in Community Associations, Village Halls, Community Centres, Miners' Institutes, British Legion Branches, Women's Organisations, Youth Organisations, Church Organisations, Works Clubs, etc. For information and application form, apply: Organising Secretary, 57 Melville St., Edinburgh, 3.

EDUCATIONAL Centres Association, B.C.A. Summer Schools, 1950, include: Anglo-German Holiday School for German Language and Current Affairs students: at Goehrde, Nr. Hamburg; July 19-August 2; cost £21 inclusive travel, accommodation, excursions. Westham House, Barford, Nr. Stratford. Seminar on Shakespeare, including five visits to Stratford Memorial Theatre; August 30-September 2. Inclusive cost £6. Schools on Science and Industry: Science and World Food Resources: August 26-September 2: Inclusive cost £4 15s. Particulars from Educational Centres Association, 8 Endsleigh Gardens, London, W.C.1.

SUMMER Schools, 1950. (1) "Biology and Rural Life," Seale-Hayne Agricultural College, Newton Abbot, Devon, July 31-Aug. 14. £16 16s. (2) "The Welfare of the Family," College Franco-Britannique, Paris, Aug. 16-30. £28. Apply British Social Hygiene Council, Tavistock House North, W.C.1.

ST. IVES Summer School, sessions in period July 23-September 16, combining holidays in country house on cliffs with informal lectures by authorities in the arts, politics, drama, etc. (W. E. Arnold-Foster, Leonard Fuller, F. E. Halliday, David Leach, Guido Morris, Morton Nance, & ors.). Large garden, home produce, limited numbers, incl. charge. White Fern Hill, Carbis Bay, St. Ives, Cornwall.

INTERNATIONAL Federalist Summer School, White Rock Pavilion, Hastings, July 1-8. Inclusive fee £6. Lecturers include Henry Usborne, M.P., Prof. Schilian, Sydney Bailey. Full particulars: W.S.F., 20 Buckingham St., London, W.C.2.

CULTURED holidays in Germany, Holland, Belgium, with people from many countries. Lectures and discussions re World Problems in pleasant surroundings; excursions, music, entertainments. A fortnight from £20. Vacancies August. Write W.C.M. Summer Schools, 30 Buckingham St., W.C.2.

CULTURAL Holidays in the Tyrol. June, July, August. Combine a delightful Tyrolean Holiday in the Oetz Tal with Fascinating Study Courses in German Language and Literature; Austrian History, Art, Music, Folk Lore, etc., under Faculty Members of University of Innsbruck. Inclusive charge (14 days, 218sh.; 21 days, 262sh.) covers all travel, hotels, meals, guides, lectures. Write for leaflet "1950 Summer Courses." Austria Travel Agency, 90 Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.1.

SUMMER Drama School. Christchurch Studio Theatre, Regents Park, Aug. 7-18. Classes in Speech, Mime and Improvisation, Acting Technique, Make-up. Rehearsals. Lectures. Director, Marian Naylor. Details: Mrs. Hammond, 5 Melbury Rd. London, W.14.

SIGURD Leeder School of Dance, London. Third Annual Summer School, July 27-August 9, 1950. Curriculum: Technique, Eukinetics, Choreutics, Dance Composition and Dance Notation. Prospectus from the Secy., 15 Scarsdale Villas, London, W.8. WES. 2044.

PAINTING School, Riviera, July-Sept. Parties.: Secretary, 8a Heath Drive, N.W.3.

NATURALISATION

NOTICE is hereby given that Ronald Leslie Ziar, of 36 Great Ormond St., London, W.C.1, is applying to the Home Secretary for Naturalisation, and that any person who knows any reason why Naturalisation should not be granted should send a written and signed statement of the facts to The Under Secretary of State, Home Office, London, S.W.1.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS, 3s. 6d. per line (average 6 words). Box No. 1s. extra. Prepayment essential. Press Tues. Insertion delayed some weeks. State latest date acceptable. 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Hol. 8471.

More Classified Adverts. on Pages 589, 590, 591

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